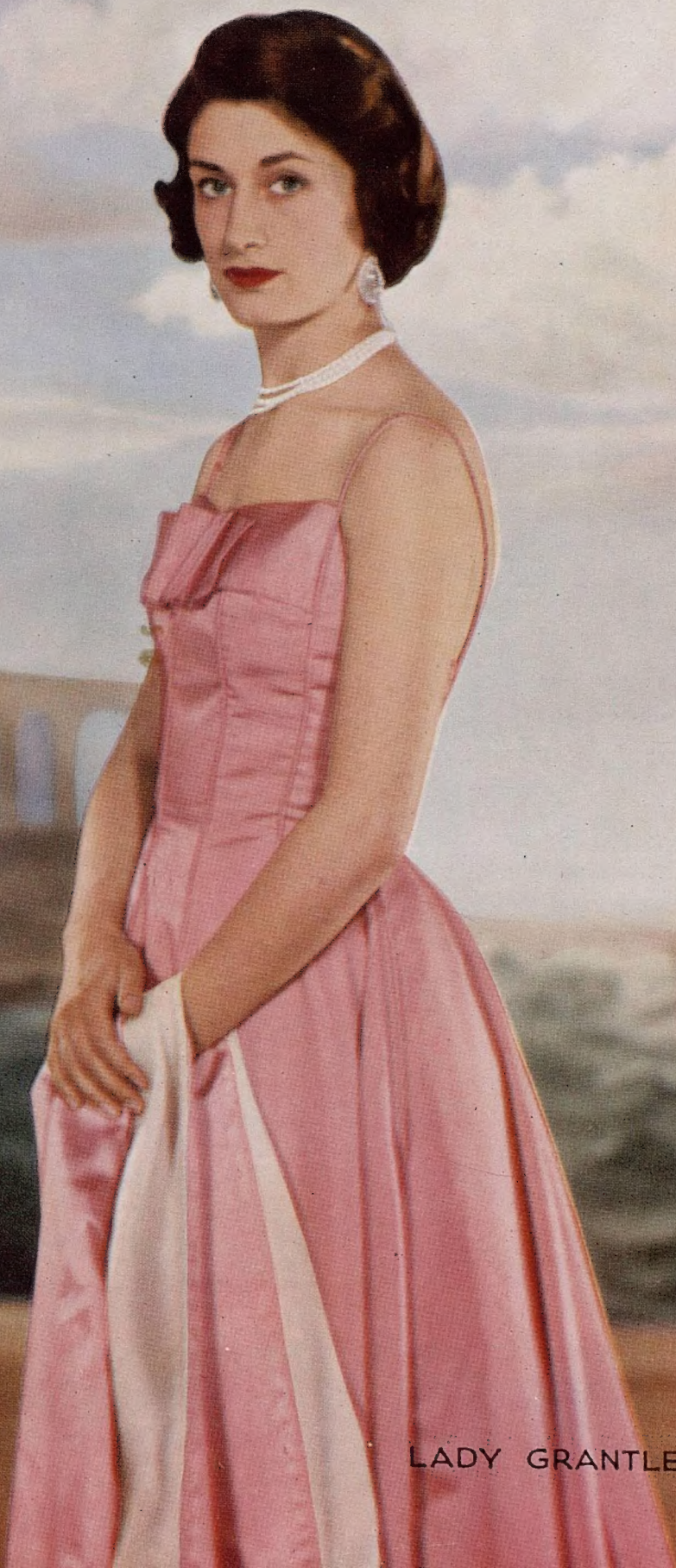


The



TATTLER

& BYSTANDER



SEPT. 19, 1956
TWO SHILLINGS

LADY GRANTLEY



Buy the best and SAVE

However much more you pay, you cannot buy lovelier or finer quality nylons than *Bear Brand*. There are so many beautiful *Bear Brand* styles for your choice—including Non-Run Mesh, Stretchies, 'Ladder-Bar,' 'Comfoot' and Twin-Thread nylons. For round-the-clock elegance and longer lasting luxury choose *Bear Brand* nylons.

8/11 — 14/11 per pair

Bear Brand

SUPERFINE Long-Life NYLONS



Bewitching wonderful Dynor is here!

*Marla Scarafia is wearing it —
and she's as excited as we are about it.
For Dynor is silky and soft like fur,
cuddly and warm like fur.
But lighter, far, far, lighter..*



We can't write about Dynor
—you must see it to believe
how wonderful it really is!
Dynor is a magical mixing
of two man-made fibres,
and this full length coat
with a huge roll collar
and huge cuffs looks
really glorious.
In beaver brown,
jet black, blonde or
platinum grey.
28½ gns.

Dynor EXCLUSIVE TO

Windsmoor

Send for your Dynor leaflet to:—Windsmoor (London) Ltd., 20 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

**Everywhere
under the sun**

And how brilliantly you travel when you fly KLM. Air-conditioned comfort — but a warmth of hospitality which is right out of this world. Just the service you want when your journeyings take you to far-off places and tropical climes. A business trip becomes a pleasure, a pleasure trip — you'll laud it to the skies. Above all, KLM have such an obliging knack of having a plane going where and when you want it.

You can reserve your seats on KLM flights to all parts through your Travel Agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

Frequent Tourist
and
De Luxe flights:
NEAR, MIDDLE &
FAR EAST
JAPAN
SOUTH AMERICA
CARIBBEAN
CENTRAL
AMERICA

superfluous hair



delia collins

40 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1. SLOane 7344

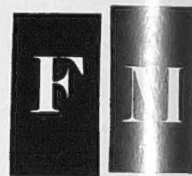
on the face and body
can now be permanently
removed completely
without pain, by Delia
Collins' special treatment.
Latest electrical equipment.
Mature and experienced
staff. Medical advice.
Comfortable private rooms.
Up to 200 hairs removed for 25/-.
Reduced charge for course of
treatments. Why not telephone today
for a day or evening appointment
or send for our interesting booklet
describing the full range of
Delia Collins' treatments?



M. Pierre Regnier is now at Fortnum's...
... he has come straight from Paris to cut and set hair in his own
inimitable fashion. This well-known French hairdresser leads a team
of skilled Mayfair stylists at London's newest and most elegant salon.
The restaurant service is superb—the dryers
absolutely silent.

Fortnum & Mason Ltd

181 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Regent 8040



The beautiful Classic...

In an exciting new fabric—Opaque Terylene
with a "frosty" finish. Washes beautifully—drips
dry and needs no ironing. In eight misty colours.
Sizes 34-44. Retail price (approx.) 49/11d.
(Larger sizes slightly more)



★ From fine shops everywhere.

For lists of stockists write to:

HOCKING & RING LTD., 40-44 CLIPSTONE STREET, LONDON, W.1



Jersey de Luxe

STYLED BY

MARCUS

'PIERRETTE' A dress of pure wool jersey tweed ... warm and wonderfully easy to wear with its buttoning through to the hem, and three low back pleats for easy moving. A soft bow and a band emphasise its Empire line and there is a belt for those who like one. 9½ gns.

At leading fashion houses everywhere. For your nearest stockist, write to "M. & Co." 25, St. James's Street, London, W.1.

JAEGER

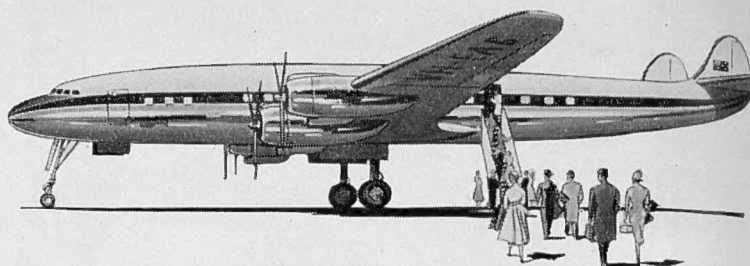
Raglan cut for elegant comfort—the jacket you would not, could not, be without. Wool & mohair in many colours 10½ gns



Seams to mark the new line run right round this jacket. It's a beauty; in colours to make the wearer look wonderful. Wool and mohair 12½ gns

At Boverly

Go to your nearest Jaeger or Jaeger House Regent Street London W-1



Relax by day—sleep deep by night in Qantas

SUPER G CONSTELLATIONS

Wonderful service—wonderful cuisine—wonderful sleeper chairs for all-night slumber... everything that happy travel needs is yours in these Qantas Super-G Constellations! A fully-reclining sleeper chair for every 1st class passenger (London, Sydney, Vancouver). On the Pacific Route, a limited number of * sleeping berths in addition. There's room in Super-G Constellations—room for all those extra comforts that mean so much when you fly

 Tourist or 1st Class, West from San Francisco or Vancouver to Australia and New Zealand—or East by the QANTAS/B.O.A.C. Kangaroo Route via Middle East, India and S.E. Asia. Also Sydney to Far East and South Africa.

* Tickets and advice from appointed Travel Agents, any B.O.A.C. Office and Qantas, 69 Piccadilly, W.1. MAY 9200



AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

in association with B.O.A.C. and T.E.A.L.

* "Regretfully, during Olympic/Christmas period 1st November—31st December, no bunks available."



The men with the golden touch...

...so André Bernard have been called. For they are creators of inspired hairstyles. And every one of their creations bears the mark of their artistry—the well-known André Bernard cut that makes hair so man-

ageable... a flick of the brush and the hair falls easily into its casual shape. Let André Bernard create the perfect individual hair-style for you. Make an appointment today to visit one of the fashionable André Bernard salons.

New branch 63 Park St, Bristol opens in November

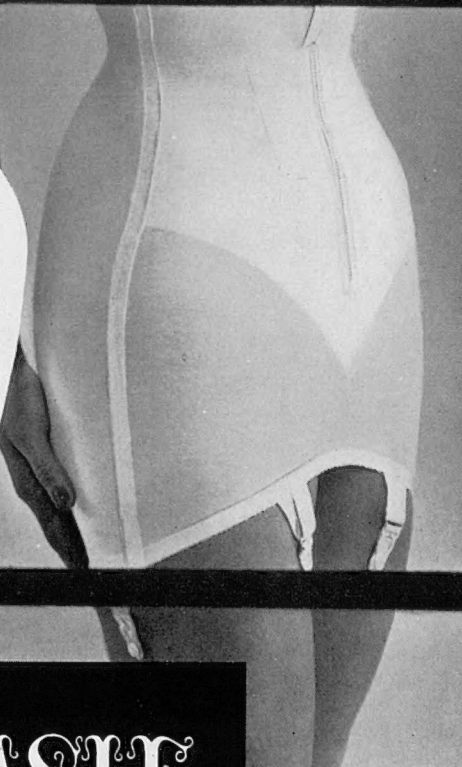
André Bernard

20 Grafton Street, London, W.1
Ranelagh Hse., Ranelagh St., Liverpool.
10 St. Stephen Street, Norwich

Tel: Mayfair 9366/7
Tel: Royal 3163/6
Tel: Norwich 28281/2

2537/B

So many
lovely
young women
of all ages
because of
FANTASIE



Magic

The marvel of
the Fantasie range.
For ever and a day it
will be Magic for you.
Centre front zip, no bones,
pink, white and black
£6.16.6

Ask to see
'Colour girl' and
'Panteez' as well

FANTASIE
foundations

Write for
illustrated brochure
and name of nearest
stockist to Dept T

FANTASIE FOUNDATIONS • 20 Grosvenor Street • London • W1 • Tel GRO 5847

by
henri



"ETOILE." Short Evening Dress in Lace and matching Chiffon, with Bolero.
In Café au Lait and many other shades.

all leading fashion houses

HENRI GOWNS LTD., 15 JOHN PRINCE'S STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1



EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

Last comes our surprise report from SPAIN. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschwepptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he “found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship.”



But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschwepptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospwepts.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



Yevonde

LADY GRANTLEY is the wife of the seventh Baron, who succeeded in 1954; they were married in 1955 and their son, the Hon. Richard William Brinsley Norton, was born this year. Before her marriage, Lady Grantley was Lady Deirdre Hare, the only daughter of the fifth Earl of Listowel. Lord Grantley is a member of Lloyd's and served in the Grenadier Guards during the war. While serving in Italy as captain he won the M.C. The Grantleys live at Markenfield Hall, Ripon, in Yorkshire

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 19 to September 26

Sept. 19 (Wed.) Royal Horticultural Society's Great Autumn Show at Olympia (to 21st).

Barnstaple Fair, Barnstaple, Devonshire (to 21st).

Golf: Dunlop Masters Professional Tournament (two days), Prestwick, Ayrshire.

Fleetwood Music and Arts Festival (to 22nd), Fleetwood, Lancashire.

Annual Festival of the Association of Friends of Rochester Cathedral.

First night: *The Children's Hour*, at the Arts Theatre.

Racing at Brighton (two days), Yarmouth (two days) and Ayr (three days).

Sept. 20 (Thur.) Harewood Three Day Horse Trials (to 22nd), Harewood, Yorkshire.

Thame Show (Centenary Event), Thame, Oxfordshire.

International Watch and Jewellery Trade Fair (to 27th), Royal Albert Hall, London.

First night: *Under Milk Wood* at the New Theatre.

Racing at Yarmouth, Brighton and Ayr and steeplechasing at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Sept. 21 (Fri.) Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition (to 29th), Earls Court, London.

Racing at Ayr (Gold Cup), Kempton Park and Haydock Park (both two days).

Sept. 22 (Sat.) Motor Sport: *Daily Herald* Gold Cup, Oulton Park, Cheshire.

Motor Racing at Goodwood—Members Meeting.

Art Exhibition—Marin (to October 20), Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, London.

Dance: Mrs. Harold Graham for her niece Miss Simone Lightman, Datchet House, Datchet.

Racing at Haydock Park, Kempton Park, Bogside and Redcar, and steeplechasing at Hereford, Market Rasen and Uttoxeter.

Sept. 23 (Sun.)

Sept. 24 (Mon.) Croquet: Roehampton Club Open Tournament and Creyke Cups (to 29th), Roehampton Club, London.

Golf: English Close Championship (Ladies), Hunstanton, Norfolk (to 28th).

Music: Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, London (and 25th).

Southport Music Festival (to 29th), Southport, Lancashire.

Racing at Hamilton Park, Leicester and Windsor.

Sept. 25 (Tues.) The Perth Hunt Ball.

Racing at Windsor and Leicester.

Sept. 26 (Wed.) Brighton Flower Show (two days), Brighton, Sussex.

Shire Horse Foal Stakes Show, Derby.

Canine Society Show, Folkestone, Kent.

Golf: Amateur International Matches (to 28th), Muirfield, East Lothian.

Racing at Pontefract (two days), and steeplechasing at Ludlow and Perth (both two days).

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 14d. Foreign 24d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.



Gieves' tailoring at its unmistakable best—and most original ... made-to-measure suit in a Reid and Taylor pure worsted shepherd's plaid. From 36 guineas.

Gieves

LIMITED

Tailors, hosiers and hatters since 1785

27 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Telephone: HYDe Park 2276



Nous arriverons
par **SABENA**
of course!



IT'S SUCH A PLEASANT AND COMFORTABLE JOURNEY ON SABENA SUPER DC6 SERVICE TO NICE £31.5.0

(via Brussels) (Tourist return fare valid 23 days)

The same high standard of comfort, cuisine and personal service is also available on all SABENA flights to Italy, Austria, Germany, Luxemburg, Switzerland, Greece, Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, Spain, Africa and U.S.A.

SAY TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

"GET ME A SEAT ON SABENA"

SABENA

BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES

LONDON: SLOANE 3439 • MANCHESTER: DEANS GATE 6956
BIRMINGHAM: CENTRAL 7434 • GLASGOW: CITY 6018 • DUBLIN 73440



By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
Linen Drapers
Debenham & Freebody



The tailored suit of this ensemble is of bottle green baratheia and the loose fitting coat of toning duvetyn collared and trimmed with ocelot.

Suits—First Floor.

Hat from the Model Millinery.

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



Geoffrey Cory-Wright

Anthony and Simon Cory-Wright

ANTHONY AND SIMON CORY-WRIGHT are the sons of Mr. David and Lady Jane Cory-Wright; Anthony was born in 1950 and Simon is four this year. This delightful photograph was taken by their grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart.,

at his home, The Ship Cottage, Brancaster, Norfolk. Their mother is the sister of the present Marquess of Queensberry. One of their great-grandfathers was Sir Herbert Tree, the famous actor, while the late Max Beerbohm was their great-uncle



A. E. Cox

A SCOTTISH FAMILY IN NORFOLK. Lt.-Col. William Forbes, D.S.O., is seen with his sons Iain, Anthony and David, and Mrs. Forbes (formerly Miss Diana Knox, of Dalry, Ayrshire) with baby Flavia, at their home, Easton Lodge, Norfolk. Lt.-Col. Forbes, a member of a distinguished Banffshire family, moved to East Anglia after the war, and has had great success farming on his new land

Social Journal

Jennifer

ON THE SUNNY CÔTE D'AZUR

REAL, hot sunshine at last! I found this much-longed-for luxury (but I must add, not always continuously to start with) on the ever beautiful Côte d'Azur, making the brief and easy journey to Nice airport in one of B.E.A.'s Elizabethans. Even the Mediterranean coast has had more low cloud and many more mistrals than during any summer in memory; but in spite of this everyone here has enjoyed a warmer and certainly a drier summer than in many parts of Europe.

My first stop was at Antibes; here the Hotel du Cap which Mr. Sellar runs with such care and so much comfort has been full for many weeks. Among the guests has been the lovely young Queen Suraya of Iran who came in a family party, including her mother and young brother, for the second year running. The Queen is very fond of, and efficient at, water ski-ing, and on this coast she can enjoy this sport nearly every day. Eden Roc has been as popular as ever for bathing and sunbathing; and the restaurant right over the sea as frequented for lunching. All the villas in the vicinity seem to have been occupied this summer.

Foremost among these, of course, is the magnificent Château de la Garoupe which is owned by Lady Norman. This season it has been let to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Goulondris who have been spending a very quiet and restful holiday here with their young son.

LADY NORMAN, a great horticulturist as well as an outstanding personality, has been living in one of her smaller villas. Her son, Mr. Willoughby Norman, and his family were down for a short while at their La Garoupe villa, La Folie, while her youngest son, Mr. Antony Norman, and his very chic and attractive wife spent this summer at La Tourelle. This is an enchanting villa right on the sea which they built on the family estate of La Garoupe a few years ago; they had rented their other villa, Le Clocher, for the season. The demand for any of the

Normans' villas on their magnificent La Garoupe estate, which is perhaps the most beautiful on this lovely coast, is greater than ever, and when I visited Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who at the time had Lord and Lady Mancroft staying with them, I heard an American visitor asking if he could go on a list for a villa in 1958 as the one he wanted was already booked for 1957!

Mr. André Dubonnet gave some amusing parties during the season at Villa Dubeau with its fine swimming pool right on the sea at Antibes, which he built a few years ago. M. and Mme. Jean Rheims came down from Paris rather late to their Villa Le Beaurevoir at Cap d'Antibes, which has a glorious view out over the Mediterranean, and had friends staying with them. Prince Charles d'Arenburg was at Mme. Patrenotre's villa, Les Marronniers, and Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis have been at their villa near Cannes, while Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger and their sons, John and Anthony, had a succession of young friends staying with them at Villa Vesta Bella, which they had taken at Antibes for the second year.

THE passing of a great personality in these parts cannot go without a few words. I refer to the death of American-born Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright who will be remembered by many as a great hostess in London in the twenties and thirties and whose parties and hospitality at her superb villa, Casa Estella, at Cap d'Antibes has been legend for many years. Her two sons, Dr. Dallas Pratt and Mr. Aubrey Cartwright (who when a schoolboy spent his holidays in the war years with his godmother Lady Watson in Warwickshire), were both down here when their mother died.

During my stay at Antibes I went to a delightful luncheon party given by Comte and Comtesse Louis de Brontes, who were down from Paris for a holiday and had taken the villa Tanah-Merah. They are a charming couple and always give amusing

parties. Their guests on this occasion numbered about twenty and they included M. Paul Reynaud, a former Prime Minister of France, and his wife who came with their hostess, Mme. Segard, with whom they were staying in her lovely villa, La Domaine Pibonson, at Grasse, which formerly belonged to the late Viscountess Rothermere. Others I met here included Prince and Princess de Beauvau-Craon, who motored over from Monte Carlo where they were staying at the Hermitage; with her two long pigtailed and youthful figure in her red and white jeans it was difficult to appreciate that the Princess, who is a Patino by birth, is already the mother of two lovely children. I also met a charming Belgian couple, M. and Mme. Paternotre de la Vallée, who had come down from Paris for a month's holiday; he is in the Diplomatic Corps and at present at the Belgian Embassy in Paris. M. André Dubonnet, a near neighbour, was lunching also, and M. and Mme. Mallard, who live in Paris, and attractive American Mrs. Elise Hunt.

ONE evening I went to a most enjoyable cocktail party given by an American, Mr. William Gower, who lived in London for many years and now makes his home on the Riviera. His house at Antibes, Villa La Sarazine, is one of the most attractive in this part of the world with a charming garden which was cleverly lit for the occasion. So warm was the evening and so beautiful the setting that most of the guests remained on the lawn in front of the house, which is bordered by clipped yew hedges and has a lake covered in water lilies.

Here one of the first people I met was another French Minister, M. Pinay, a great statesman and, I found, a very pleasant and intelligent personality. The Duque and Duques de Segovia who had come over from Estoril to spend the summer on the Côte d'Azur were at this party and greeting many friends. Another charming guest I was delighted to see was the Vicomtesse Obert de

Thieusies, wife of the former Belgian Ambassador in London, who was staying with Mme. Heindricks who was also at the party. Mrs. Kay Lumley, staying with her brother, Mr. Edward Molyneux, came over from his new villa at La Biot which everyone told me promises to be one of the most beautiful homes in the South of France. Mr. Molyneux seldom goes to parties but guests who went inside Mr. Gower's lovely villa where a bowl containing at least a hundred red carnations was arranged on a table in the middle of the finely panelled hall, were able to admire among other works of art, several enchanting pictures painted by Edward Molyneux.

ADMIRING this home I also met Mme. Michelin, down from Paris staying at the Hotel du Cap, Mr. Barry Dierks who with his partner, Col. Eric Sawyer, is responsible for the architecture of so many of the loveliest homes on this coast, Mr. Michael Paton over from his delightful old family home in Jamaica, Mr. and Mrs. John Moseley who were as usual spending a few weeks of the summer on this coast, and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, just returned from America to her villa, La Vigie, at Juan les Pins. She was getting a big welcome home from her many friends.

After Antibes I went on to Monte Carlo which has enjoyed the best season for many years. I stayed at the Hotel de Paris, renowned for comfort. It is superbly run by M. Broc, who also supervises the gala dinners at both the summer and winter Sporting Clubs, and like M. André at Deauville is a brilliant administrator with an instinct for what is going to give guests comfort and pleasure.

This unique and enchanting principality has a charm which few can fail to appreciate. Once one has been here one always

[Continued overleaf]



Van Hallan

A WEDDING RECEPTION IS HELD IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

COL. E. ST. J. AND LADY KATHLEEN BIRNIE gave a reception at 23 Knightsbridge, after the wedding of their daughter Angela to Mr. Michael Joly de Lotbiniere (above), son of Lt.-Col. E. Joly de Lotbiniere and the Hon. Mrs. E. Duke-Woolley. Left: bridal attendants Miss S. Birnie, R. White, R. Brunt, Anthony White and Elizabeth Innes



A Scottish Debut

THE Countess of Tankerville and Mrs. J. W. Home-Robertson gave a coming-out dance for their daughters Lady Corisande Bennet and Miss Elizona Home-Robertson (above). This ball took place at Paxton House, Berwickshire



The Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, Mr. John Bridgeman, Mr. Peter Bridgeman, Miss Vanda Nott, Miss Christine Bridgeman and Mr. Richard Weir were sitting out on the stairs



Lady Meriel Douglas-Home, daughter of the Earl of Home, in conversation with Sir John Buchanan-Riddell, who is the thirteenth baronet

R. Clapperton

longs to return year after year. The red rocks together with the oleanders, the bougainvillea, brilliant canna lilies, the brightest pink geraniums, and variegated petunias that all flower in such profusion along this coast, add so much beauty to the scene. The glamour of dining out of doors under a starlit sky, right on the sea, at one of the weekly summer galas at the Summer Sporting Club is an experience one never forgets or fails to enjoy again and again.

This year Prince Rainier of Monaco and his lovely wife, Princess Grace of Monaco, have been present at two of these galas. The first time was at the big charity gala in aid of poliomyelitis research, and the second time was at an ordinary gala towards the end of the season. At the latter Princess Grace looked outstandingly beautiful in a white satin dress. They were in a party which included Prince Rainier's sister Princess Antoinette, Comtesse J. de Polignac and Prince Louis de Polignac. The Duque and Duques de Segovia were in Mme. Elsa Wittouck's party which also included the Princess of Montenegro. Lady John Hope came over with her father, Mr. Somerset Maugham, from his lovely villa at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, and had a small party of friends at their table.

AMONG other guests enjoying this very elegant and delightful evening were the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg who was with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rea of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis who had Miss Greta Garbo among their guests. Lord and Lady Mancroft, who were motoring on to Italy a few days later, came with Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman. The Comte and Comtesse Bernard d'Harcourt, Princess Joseph de Broglie, Mr. Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, who had his beautiful yacht Gaviotta IV in the harbour, and Mr. Colin and Lady Mary Campbell were among guests in M. Jacques Lefevre's party. Mr. and Mrs. Jacl Heinz were over from their villa at Antibes and had a party of friends with them. Others present included the Earl and Countess of Abingdon dining with General and Mme. Polvtsoff, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munn in Mr. Jack Warner's big party, and American Mrs. James Donahue who, like visitors from both sides of the Atlantic, has been staying at the Hotel de Paris.

The gala the following week was also well attended and it was interesting to see how many young guests were there. Among these I saw the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry, the latter very good looking in red, who came down from the villa they had at St. Paul. Among friends with them that evening were the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender who had come on from Formenton, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, and the Hon. Katharine Smith who is always a gay and vivacious member of any party. Mr. Denn Mountain and Mr. Nicholas Mountain were with their parents Sir Brian and Lady Mountain who were staying at the Hotel de Paris. Lady Mountain was very chic in a heavily embroidered yellow satin dress. Miss Valda Rogerson, pretty in a blue printed dress, was with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson. They were staying at the Old Beach Hotel, right on the sea's edge.

MAJOR W. H. MACKENZIE brought a big party over from Antibes. It included Mrs. Edward Slesinger, very attractive in a sequin embroidered aquamarine blue lace dress, her sons Mr. John and Mr. Anthony Slesinger and young friends, Mr. Dennis Miln who was celebrating his birthday, Miss Belinda Brooks, Mr. Christopher Hartley, Mr. Ian Macleod and Mr. Euan Hilleary; the two latter were leaving for Scotland a few days after for the Skye Balls and other festivities.

Norwegian born Mr. Camillo Holm and his very attractive wife were in a big party as were Major Neill Cooper-Key and his lovely wife, whose father Viscount Rothermere has for many years owned a most delightful villa at Monte Carlo in which he has been spending part of this month. Others dancing on the cleverly lit glass dance floor included Major and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Kerman—they came with their host Sir Edmund Crane who had his fine yacht Natalie in the harbour—and Miss "Flokki" Harcourt Smith who was in another big party with the young Prince and Princess Beauvau-Craon. As at all of these galas there was an excellent cabaret followed by a brilliant display of fireworks over the sea. I heard that the most successful cabaret star at the Sporting Club this summer was the very attractive young Portuguese singer Amalia Rodrigues, whose first appearance at a gala came in for so much applause and praise that she was asked to appear at another gala later in the month. It seldom happens that artists appear here twice in a season.

Something quite new in Monte Carlo this year is the new Roof Garden night club, with décor by that brilliant young Frenchman Andre Lavasseur, on top of the Summer Sporting Club. Another improvement since last summer is the widening of the restaurant terrace at the Hotel de Paris. There are now about forty tables for guests to dine out of doors if they so desire.

The great rendezvous during the day is the beach. Here one can bathe and sunbathe off the point or swim and dive in the fine swimming pool, or have one of the many luxurious bathing tents or cabanas which have now been extended right along the beach from the pool towards the Sporting Club.

THE new Potiniere snack bar and the restaurant beside the pool are where most visitors lunch. First everyone gathers on the adjacent point where a pianist plays above the Bar de la Vigie which, with its tables arranged on the rock under gay umbrellas, has been much enlarged this year. Here enjoying the glorious hot sunshine I saw the Earl of Warwick who had brought some friends in from his brother's villa, Grevillea, at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, where the Earl of Suffolk has been among their guests this summer. The Comtesse de Clery was accompanied by her young son Pierre; they were down from Paris and staying at their villa, Lygie, at Cap Martin, and were talking to Mr. Christian Brot, just back from Salzburg, and his brother, Gerard, who was on holiday from Paris.

I met Earl and Countess Beauchamp who were staying in the adjacent Old Beach Hotel, Col. and Mrs. Jack Paley Johnson also staying in this hotel right on the sea, Sir Eric Miéville having a drink with Sir Horace and Lady Evans who were at the Metropole Hotel, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson who had their young daughter, Georgina, with them and were going on to Italy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oppenheimer, Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg, Mrs. Eden who was staying with her mother Mrs. Ronald Bowes Lyon at the Metropole, Countess Sondes whose sixteen-year-old son Viscount Throwley has also been thoroughly enjoying the Côte d'Azur this summer, Mr. George Emmanuel who had come over from Cannes where his lovely American-born wife, he told me, was with their little daughter who recently seriously injured her eye and Miss Penelope d'Erlanger with a party of young friends who were staying in Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch's villa at Beaulieu.

Other young people I met in Monte Carlo who were staying in villas along the coast included Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Miss Tessa Ruscoe, Miss Dawn Lawrence, Mr. Donald Marr and Mr. Tim Thornton who came over from Villa Pontiel at Antibes where Miss Elizabeth Gage, Mr. Ian Cameron, Mr. Nick Ackroyd and Miss Belinda Gold had been among the young guests earlier in August. Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Penelope Knowles whom I met looking very attractive, Count Ferdinand Galen, Miss Frances Sweeny, and Mr. Robin Gage were among the young guests at a villa at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat.

DURING my stay I met Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye who were just leaving for Scotland, where they have a really charming home on the Border furnished with great taste by Lady Balfour who is very artistic, also Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley and his daughter the Marchioness of Huntly who had come over to Monte Carlo for the evening; they were staying at Nice. I dined one day at Beaulieu with the British Consul, Mr. Wolstan Meld-Forester, and his very charming and attractive wife. Their young son, William, was out there with them for his school holidays. Their only daughter, Nicola, has recently become the Marchioness of Bute as her husband succeeded to the title on the death of his father last month. I also dined with Mr. Harold Peake and his very attractive wife, Dame Felicity Peake, who have one of the most beautiful villas at Cap d'Ail where they come down to spend a really quiet holiday; this they have furnished in the most perfect and restful way, complete with delightful pictures. I also met Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet who were staying at La Reserve at Beaulieu before they went on to Malta to stay at Government House with Sir Robert and Lady Laycock.

Others who have been enjoying a holiday in and around Monte Carlo are Lord Iliffe at his villa at Roque Brun, Viscount Margesson, Lady Baillie, Earl and Countess Beatty, Mrs. Isaac Killam, widow of the great Canadian financier, who was staying at the Hermitage, the Earl of Dudley who was there early in August, Mme. J. Ayala, wife of the Cuban Ambassador in Paris, the Marquis and Marquise N. Castellanie, Mrs. Philippi and her son Bobby, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Miss Rosemary Earl, and the Comtesse de la Beraudiere.



R. Clapperton

LADY MARY MAITLAND, the eldest daughter of Viscountess Maitland and granddaughter of the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale; she has two younger sisters. Lady Mary is a debutante this year, and her mother and grandmother recently gave a coming-out dance for her in Scotland at Thirlestane Castle, Lauder, Berwickshire



PLANES IN HAMPSHIRE

DURING the annual S.B.A.C. Show at Farnborough, the president, Mr. C. F. Uwins, welcomed many Government and Service officials and foreign guests to the display. Above: The Blackburn Beverley Troop-carrier, the largest aircraft in the Show



Air Marshal H. A. Constantine, Admiral A. Sala and Gen. Courtland Schuyler

Capt. J. J. Ide, Rear-Admiral Louis de Florez and Capt. J. Fowler



Lord Melchett and Mr. M. C. Devos were among the visitors to the Show



Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman and Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle



Mr. C. F. Uwins with Mr. R. E. Leete, assistant director of the S.B.A.C.



John and Jane Kidd, children of the Hon. Mrs. T. E. Kidd, with their ponies



Sally Rodger and Sandra Wheeler were waiting to enter the show ring

Mrs. Beryl Ellett and Mrs. Sylvia Nation

Miss Marjorie Spiller and Mr. John Tyzack

WEST COUNTRY PONIES

THE Cheddon Fitzpaine Pony Show, designed to give children a chance to compete under identical conditions to adult shows, is now a popular annual event. Above: Mary Warlow in fancy dress as a "Blues" bandsman



William Morris

Naomi Venn on her pony Noddy, and Janet Parsons on Darky, took part in the bending race



Mrs. R. Hedger with her daughter Josephine



Mr. R. Heywood-Jones and Miss I. Heywood-Jones





An artist's impression of the Mayflower on the high seas

Artist: Charles Peat

THE MAYFLOWER MAKES NEW HISTORY

WARWICK CHARLTON, the noted playwright, scriptwriter and broadcaster, writes of his project to build and sail a replica of the famous Mayflower



*Cdr. Alan Villiers,
Master of the ship*

NEXT SATURDAY morning a new Mayflower is to be launched. It is a reproduction of the little wooden ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from England in 1620. She has been entirely built with British funds to be a gift to the people of America as a reminder of our common heritage and enduring community of interest. After her arrival at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the Mayflower will visit Boston and New York before she is handed over in perpetuity to Plimoth Plantation, an American organization which exists to preserve the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Last month at the invitation of their president, Henry Hornblower II, I visited the United States to discuss with them the reception of Mayflower. I inspected the 100-acre site they have acquired at Eel River where the little ship is to be permanently berthed. There the Plantation is embarking on a million dollar project which will include the complete reconstruction of the Pilgrim Settlement including the Common Store House, the Trading Post, an Indian Village and a Museum. We are handing over the ship to them on Thanksgiving Day, 1957, when it is planned that the site will be ready to be opened for the general public. It is expected that something of the order of half a million Americans from all over their vast country will visit this national shrine each year.

The original idea to found the Mayflower Project, to do something practical to further good relations between Britain and America, first occurred to me when I picked up a short history of

America to read and came across the story of the Pilgrims. From this moment the idea became an obsession: of building a second Mayflower and sailing the Pilgrims' voyage all over again, but before the project could be undertaken, funds were needed. And it was Felix Fenston, a yachtsman stimulated by a love of adventure, who gave me the money to go ahead, and get the project under way, and it was Fenston on whom I have been able to call whenever the occasion demanded.

It was the job of researchers to find out exactly what the original Mayflower looked like, or might have looked like, and put this on paper in the form of working drawings. Then came the skilled craftsmen, who translated the blueprints into timber and planking, using early seventeenth-century techniques. And finally, in April next year, the crew, under an Australian skipper, are to weather the Atlantic in a ship so small that it would almost float on a modern ocean liner's swimming pool. Funds for the project, which combines Anglo-American goodwill with a symbol of our twentieth-century trading life, are being raised entirely in Britain from industry, commerce and the exhibition of the ship while she is building. The people of Brixham have given us the ship's bell, which was cast in 1680, the firm of Francis Webster have given us the sails and the schoolchildren of Boston in England are making furniture for the captain's cabin. We have been given food, clothing, paint and even the brushes with which to apply it.

When it was decided to construct a new Mayflower the first problem was what exactly should be built. The historians started with the knowledge that the vessel was not as large as the group of Pilgrims desired and that she had a burden of about "nine score"—which might have meant 180 tons. These two clues were found in the journal of the voyage kept by William Bradford "of

Plimoth Plantation." Even the name of the ship does not appear until 1623 when the Colony's records refer to those "Which came over in the Mayflower." From Bradford and the will of one William Mullins, filed in London, it was deduced that a Christopher Jones could have been the master of the Pilgrims' Mayflower. Records show that in January, 1620, Jones loaded his Mayflower with 161 tons, mainly "redd wyne." The Pilgrims set sail later that year in a "sweet-smelling ship."

The American designer of the replica, William A. Baker, said that it would be fair to assume that the skipper would not cram his vessel full for a mid-winter voyage. The designation of the weight of Mayflower at 180 tons then appears reasonable. Using the tonnage rule of 1582, Baker determined the possible dimensions of the ship. He produced his blueprints after examining material on the lines of known vessels of the period.

WHEN our plans were first announced publicly one of the people who showed immediate interest was Stuart Upham, who is now building the ship in his family shipyard at Brixham, Devon, where they have been building wooden ships for nearly two centuries. Baker's blueprints to which Upham set to work represent the result of months of research which took him to the maritime libraries of the United States, France, Sweden and Britain.

The dimensions of the little ship, and she is little, which Stuart Upham is reconstructing are as follows: 90 feet long, 26 feet beam, drawing 11 feet of water and rigged as a barque, with square sails on her fore and main masts, and fore and aft sails on her mizzen mast at the stern. As far as is humanly possible, all Mayflower's rigging, canvas, equipment and navigational instruments are being reconstructed.

The main beam of the ship was cut from a solid Devon oak log measuring 116 cubic feet, the biggest log that anyone could hope to find growing in Britain. Even so, by the time it was shaped and trimmed, the shipbuilders at Brixham had reduced it to only fifty-five cubic feet. With it, they had to find a great store of crooked timbers for the ribs of the ship to which the actual planking is fastened—literally bent on while it is steaming hot.

THE list of requirements to make the new Mayflower a genuine reconstruction and a seaworthy vessel that will last for centuries after it is docked in Massachusetts is remarkable in its diversity. Mas's of Oregon pine, floated across Torbay to the yard, a mile of flax for Mr. Bridge, the sailmaker, navigation lamps made by a London firm who have designed them for centuries, a cross-staff (forerunner of the sextant), a traverse board, wooden compass bowls, a copper candle lantern and a binnacle, all made in materials available in the seventeenth century by Britain's most famous firm of compass makers, rigging and cordage of Italian hemp fashioned on the Clyde, a set of beautifully printed and illuminated Bibles to be presented to the Governors of the six New England States, a stack of treasure chests filled with representative British exports, and even the ship's insurance policy hand written in Old English.

We have as our master Alan Villiers, the famous author and square rig sailor. To people who say that the problems of sailing the new Mayflower are such that "they will end up by towing her across" he replies: "Well, there are problems, that's for sure. The ship, however, will not be towed across, and that's for sure, too.

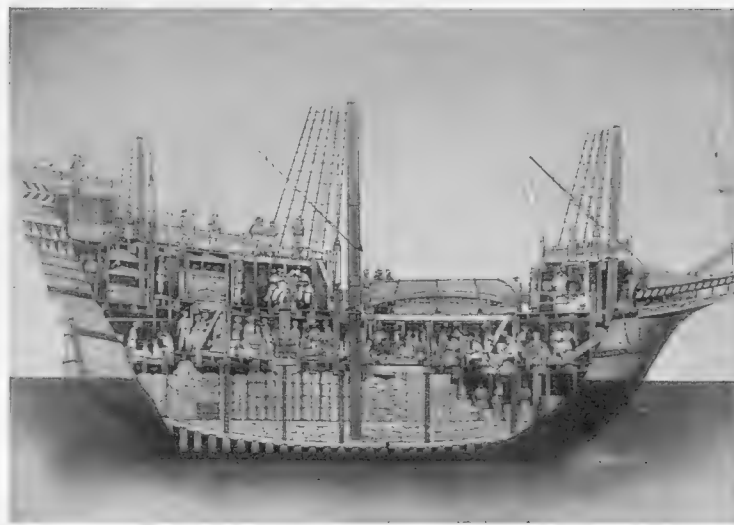
"It was the little sailer which opened up the world, found the new continents, established the trade routes—not power vessels.

"The real problems in handling the Mayflower are different. In the first place, we moderns are used to much more efficient sailing ships, rigged with iron or steel wire and able to stand up to the wear and tear of long voyages without damage to rigging. Her masts are held up with rope. We're used to wire. Her rigging is complicated beyond necessity: we're used almost to utility style. She steers with a whipstaff. We're used to a wheel. She has to accept a lot of chafe. We're used to doing something about it. She wouldn't point up too well on a wind, making about a right-angle. We're used to ships that could come up to six and a half points from the wind's eye and make to wind'ard at that, too. We'll take her the way she is. Tow her over, no, sir, not on your life! She'll sail."

She will be handed over to our friends at Plimoth Plantation where she will be berthed for all time. A trust is to be set up with revenues from exhibition and other sources to provide for her maintenance and for Anglo-American exchange visits.



Mr. William Brewster, Governor of Plimoth Plantation, Massachusetts, is a direct descendant of Elder Brewster, a pilgrim leader who sailed on the first Mayflower



Above is a cross section showing the planning and construction of the ship. Below: Shipwrights concentrate on trimming and caulking the new Mayflower



ACTING IN NEW PLAY

ANN FIRBANK, whose father was a colonel in the Indian Army, was born in India and came to England at the age of twelve. She understudied Anna Massey in *The Reluctant Debutante* and was seen by Roland Culver, who gave her the ingenue lead in his new play *The River Breeze*, which opened at the Phoenix Theatre



Houston Rogers

Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

BEFORE the Bolshoi ballet company's season begins at Covent Garden, let me swell my chest and boast that in the course of eighteen months in Moscow I saw this very company forty-nine times, dancing in full-length ballets. And I saw the fabulous Ulanova at least eight times, in major rôles—I think, in fact, that it must have been oftener, but some of the programmes I hoarded so nostalgically have gone adrift.

One, indeed, of my most memorable evenings in any theatre, anywhere in the world, was that performance of *The Fountain Of Bakhchisarai*, in March, 1951, when Ulanova returned after having hurt her foot in the second act of *The Red Poppy* three months earlier (I had been present on that evening, too).

The Soviet newspapers had carried no mention of her injury, printed no bulletins of her progress, made no promises of her return. (The "cult of personality" of those Stalinist days did not extend to stage favourites.) But somehow all Mos-

cow had known that Ulanova was hurt, and when she would dance again, and she was welcomed back by four thousand people on their feet in the great cream-and-crimson, crystal-and-gold opera house—all calling out, time and again: "Ulanova!"

HER choice of the ballet in which to return to the stage was what we had all expected: she has always enjoyed dancing her own particular part in it (there are two equally important prima ballerina's rôles in this one ballet, and two leading male rôles, too), for it suits her wistful personality and lyrical style admirably. Of the eight times I can be sure I saw her dance, I find that four were in *The Fountain*.

This is to be one of the four full-length ballets that the Bolshoi company is to perform here. I am glad that the drearily propagandist *Red Poppy* isn't among them, and I shall be surprised if Ulanova dances in *Swan Lake*. She used not to, during my

time in Moscow, where it was always said that she felt that the brilliance and devilry of the false Odette in the third act did not suit her. Rightly so, I think, though she is as equipped, technically, to dance the part as anyone else in the world.

The other great ballerina of her generation, Lepeschinskaya, who was made an Honoured Artist on the same day—which is rather like a British actress being made D.B.E.—and whose sheer dancing ability is rated as highly as Ulanova's in the Soviet Union, used to give the part more sparkling delight in wickedness than I have ever seen mimed or danced.

FOR we shall get the wrong idea of Soviet ballet if we assume, from the way her name is bandied about by the know-alls, that Ulanova on her home ground enjoys quite the same sort of lonely pre-eminence that Dame Margot does over here. She is superb; there is none better;

but she is first (bracketed, perhaps, with Lepeschinskaya) among some half a dozen equals as to training, talent and technique, in Moscow alone, two of whom—Plesetskaya and Struchkova—are among our visitors.

There are still others, of course, in Leningrad, where Ulanova herself was trained, and in the other great cities, such as Tiflis, that have their own opera houses and ballet companies.

What makes Ulanova outstanding is, among her juniors, her experience; and among her contemporaries, that she has a particularly sweet personality and is much loved. And she has always been more favoured by the régime than her great predecessor, Semyonova—now, alas, too old for the West ever to see her dance—because she is much more politically reliable.

I SHOULD hate to be misunderstood when I say that in some ways Ulanova's visit could prove to have an unfortunate influence on British ballet, though to see her dance is a life-enhancing experience. But because her style is fluid, graceful, lyrical, it is possible for the half-trained or badly trained dancer to persuade herself that the same effect could be achieved without the long training (and consequent later start), the scholarship, the discipline, and the magnificent technique that are, in fact, the bones and nerves and sinews of Ulanova's genius.

A dancer with a crisper style—more masculine, almost, or more intellectual—might be a better example for our own dancers at this particular point in the development of the Sadler's Wells company—which is only about a third the size of the Bolshoi company, it must be remembered.

One way and another, our native balletomanes are in for some surprises next month, and the quality of Ulanova's genius will be only one of them. There are also the bounding virility of the male dancers; the enormously higher level of competence in the *corps de ballet* than anything we are used to; the vulgarity of dress and décor; the old-fashioned classicism of the choreography—and the realization that Ulanova isn't the only magnificent ballerina in the company.

But even with the Bolshoi company at

SEPTEMBER MORN

Apollos, future pugilists, so huge
And broad and brown and baritone . . . I hope
They are not *all* like this. . . My poor son
seems
Seen through the wrong end of a telescope !

He's smaller, thinner, quieter than I thought—
Oh dear and paler. . . Somehow, through the
noise,
I bellow "Barley sugar?" and he nods. . .
I feel I'm sending him to Dotheboys !

He's swallowed by the special train. I lurk
For after all this will be his first term . . .
I see him now—he's wriggled to the door
And joy ! I think he's found another worm !
—Lorna Wood

• • •

the reduced strength that is all that the Covent Garden stage will accommodate, it is going to bring an attack, and a confidence born of a rigorous training and a long tradition, that the West hasn't seen since Diaghilev bowled it over in 1909.

★ ★ ★

A GREAT theatre of our own, the Old Vic, has been celebrating an anniversary by a ceremonial handing over, last week, of the refurbished foundation stone first laid a hundred and forty years ago, in 1816, just before Rennie's great bridge was completed.

It is such a short time ago, relatively, that it seems unimaginable that in those days, and for sixty years after, there was a toll to be paid on Waterloo Bridge, and that many a patron of what was then the Royal Coburg Theatre came by ferry from the Middlesex side, because it was cheaper. For quite a few years after it was first opened the theatre was surrounded by marshes and market gardens, and by so many footpads that the management had to reassure its potential patrons by advertising its system of patrols and of street-lighting.

Do Londoners talk nowadays about the Middlesex and the Surrey side? They certainly did in those days, and "transportine"—"over the bridge"—came to be the common word for the most lurid type of melodrama, such as was played on the South Bank, at the Surrey Theatre and

the Coburg (renamed the Royal Victoria Hall in 1833, and hence, eventually, the Old Vic):

Ah me! how many roars I've had,
How many tears I've dried
At melodramas, good and bad,
Upon the Surrey side.

The Old Vic had its ups and downs, and falling attendances in the eighteenth-forties led to a virtual halving of prices. The story is recorded in Cicely Hamilton's history of the theatre of how, at a dinner to celebrate the reduction of gallery seats to fourpence, the lessee greeted the bill with, "Good gracious, we've eaten two hundred boys in the gallery!"

★ ★ ★

THE first event I turned to in *The Story Of The Guards Armoured Division*, by Lord Rosse and Colonel Hill, that Geoffrey Bles has just published, was the relieving of the American airborne troops, surrounded at Grave, in the Guards' advance towards Nijmegen and Arnhem.

I had dropped with the Americans as a correspondent, the only Englishman with them, and when an excited, sweating Dutchman cycled into the town to say that he had heard the British tanks down the road (two days later than we had bargained for, and we were shorter of rations and ammunition than we liked, but it wasn't the Guards' fault: they had been taking terrible losses at the canal-crossings) the American parachutists gathered round me to slap my back and say, "Here's your cup of tea coming, limey!"

WHAT I had hoped to find officially recorded, but in vain, was what to me was one of the most charming incidents of the war. When we heard the cyclist's news and then, a few minutes later, the actual rumble of the tanks, all the Boy Scouts of the little Dutch town began to fall in on the market square. The Boy Scout movement had been proscribed under the German occupation, and the shorts and shirts and stockings, dug out from the oddest hiding-places, had long been grown out of, so that the legs looked very long, and the knees and wrists very knobbly, as the Boy Scout band marched proudly down the road to Veghel, tootle-tootle-tootle on the fife and rub-a-dub-dub on the drum, to greet the Guards.

BRIGGS by Graham





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
SEPT. 19.
1956
536*

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Mayhew at the reception



Reception for a bride of Kent

CAPT. G. M. D. Thomas, only son of Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, of Marlborough Gate, St. James's Palace, married Miss Margaret Greta Cleland (below), younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cleland, of Stormont Court, Godden Green, Sevenoaks, at Seal, Kent



*Lord Monteagle, who was best man,
with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Toynbee*

*Mr. and Mrs. John Cleland, father and
mother of the bride*



*Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon, Mr. Forbes
Playfair, Miss Lindsay Reoch*

A. V. Swabe



A BALLERINA LEAPS FROM MOSCOW TO LONDON

PLESETSKAYA, one of the most distinguished of the younger Soviet ballerinas, dances the exotic part of Zarema, the Tartar Khan's favourite wife, in the harem scene of *The Fountain Of Bakhchisarai*, one of the four full-length ballets the Bolshoi company will present at Covent Garden next month.

The Fountain Of Bakhchisarai is one of the non-propagandist ballets of post-revolutionary Russia, based on a romantic poem of Pushkin's, and set in the eighteenth century, when the Crimean Tartars raided deep into Central Europe, carrying fire and sword. Plesetskaya dances with great fire and passion the part of the Tartar woman spurned by her husband, the Khan, who is captivated by the soft, wistful charm of the Polish countess (usually played by the dazzling Ulanova) whom he has carried off and whose lover he has killed. The wife in her jealous fury kills the countess and is herself hurled from the Khan's battlements, and the ballet closes with a wild Tartar dance, the stage aflame with whirling, leaping, bounding male dancers.

A moving epilogue shows the Khan mourning the countess, whose tears for her Polish lover have become, in legend, a fountain—a fountain pointed out to travellers in the Crimea to this day.



ELSA MARTINELLI is one of Italy's most popular young film actresses. She is here, wearing a highly original creation, arriving at the Volpi Palace for the annual party which the Contessa Volpi gives for notable personalities visiting the city for the Film Festival, which is a very star-spangled occasion



Priscilla in Paris

GARDEN OF POETS

HAPPY New Year!

This may seem somewhat premature—but so many new starts are being made by returning holidaymakers at the end of September and in the early days of October. What else but January the First than the uncomfortable winding up of Christmas festivities when one has eaten unwisely and spent foolishly? It would be far more fitting to exchange New Year wishes now.

The children are starting their school year in a new form. Young people who have left school are starting careers or, maybe, deciding on new jobs. After the *dolce far niente* of August (a spot of poetic licence was needed for August this year!) the writer returns to his pen and the artist to his brushes with the renewed desire to attempt a *magnum opus* that, perhaps, this time will materialize. It is now that good resolutions are made. Those of January are, often, only the bolstering up of a losing cause.

This autumn the City Fathers have even started to spring clean! I do not refer to their fanciful *chassé-croisé* of one-way streets—that, of course, goes on throughout the year. But they have decided to remove some of the statues that take up so much valuable space in the traffic-congested squares and avenues of the Gay City. I have often wondered where discarded statues are stored and in what dim limbo the imposing company of frock-coated notabilities await their final disintegration.

AT Auteuil, not far from the race-course, there exists the Jardin des Poètes. It is there that the elaborate monument representing Alfred de Musset and his Muse, that has been standing on the place du Théâtre Français since 1906, is to be moved. The "Garden of Poets" was created two years ago when the City Fathers—in this case it was a City Mother, Madame Debray, who inspired them—were in a sentimental mood that ended with a very charming resolution, unanimously carried. The *jardin* is a pleasant oasis. Steles, inscribed with the names of the dear, dead poets of France, have been placed about the green lawns, but so far there are few statues. There is a graceful, though somewhat lackadaisical, nymph erected to the memory of Joachim Gasquet, about whom the only thing I know is that his daughter wrote some delightful stories for young people. There is a very official-looking bust of Theophile Gautier and, mercifully, the breathtaking magnificence of Rodin's head of Victor Hugo.

The drooping foliage of a weeping willow most appropriately

awaits the romantic poet of "*Mes amis, quand je mourrai, plantez un saule au cimetière. . .*" It is more fitting that we should dream of Alfred de Musset and his Muse in a garden at Auteuil rather than on a wood-paved Place between a bus halt and a taxi rank, even though the Théâtre de la Comédie Française stands in the background.

Within the theatre itself useful things are being done. The great crystal chandelier has been lowered to orchestra-stall level in order to be cleaned. When, prismatically glinting with a thousand fires, it goes ceilingwards again, it will be moored there even more securely than before . . . and I shall no longer have reason to be glad that my seats are in the dress circle!

There will be a busy pre-Christmas season at the great national theatre that announces an eclectic bill of fare for its patrons. A revival, the first in thirty years, of Alexandre Dumas Fils' *Le Demimonde*. New plays by Henri de Montherlant and Jules Romain and—an announcement that causes great excitement—Paul Achard's adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*; this ought to provide thrills and pathos for lovers of melodrama.

Two weeks ago, down at the Island, I was grumbling because, like Cecil Aldin's famous dog, I was "sick of the cat's dinner." At that time Josephine was away and I could not cope with (euphemism for "clean") all the fish that came my way from generous fishing friends. Now Josephine is back. The aroma of her cuisine delights me but . . . something is missing.

It was my faithful Hebe's Sunday out. The tray she had left for me was all that a Sunday-evening-tray should be but. . . There was a taxi on the rank beneath my window. I whistled, the driver nodded. "*C'est pour où?*" he demanded a few minutes later and I, who thought that I was sick of fish, leaned back in the taxi and unctuously murmured: "Prunier's"!

Midi net?

- In politics the middle course is usually the wisest. The great trouble however is to know where to find the middle!



Wanda Osiris arrives to see the film "*Bigger Than Life*." She is one of Italy's most talented film stars

Venice en (film) fete

AMERICAN film actress Abbe Lane and her white poodle are seen on the Grand Canal (above) at the Venice Film Festival



James Mason and his writer-actress wife, Pamela Kellino, were among the visiting film celebrities in Venice at this time



Prince Jean of Luxembourg was escorting his wife, sister of King Baudouin and formerly Princess Charlotte of the Belgians



At the Theatre

FAMILY PARTY MURDER

"TOWARDS ZERO" (St. James's Theatre). Above: Thomas Royde (Cyril Raymond) is a chip of the old Empire. Pipe-smoking, golf playing, but not gifted with a Poirot-like intelligence, he is content to allow anything to happen if he can marry Audrey Strange (Gwen Cherrell). Below: trouble is already stirring, and doubts raised with diabolical guile in the minds of her house party by Miss Agatha Christie cause tension that the audience is made to share. Left: Kay Strange (Mary Law), Neville's (George Baker) second wife, is in a hurry to inherit Aunt's money. But it is Audrey, Neville's first wife, unaccountably with him on holiday (to his Aunt's fury), who is to gain. Lawyer Mathew Treves (Frederick Leister, centre) knows this, while (back, left) Superintendent Battle (William Kendall), though not a suspect, makes very heavy going. Drawings by Glan Williams



THE naughty suggestion is often made that playgoers do not read, and there may be something in it. If they did what would be the point of Miss Agatha Christie and Mr. Gerald Verner turning her popular novel, *Towards Zero*, into a play? It would be known who dunit from the start.

But at the St. James's Theatre on the night of my visit nobody seemed to know, and so far as I could tell from talk overheard in the second interval the thing remained a teasing mystery. As for me, I followed my usual practice of picking the most unlikely character as the murderer and was, as usual, badly let down. Miss Christie knew all about me, and had duly made allowance for simple cynicism.

Her method this time would seem to be to arrange for murder under cover of an improbable social situation. To his aunt's pleasant Cornish house Neville Strange has brought not only his second but his first wife for a September holiday. Nobody can understand why, and the voluble Lady Tressilian is scandalized by her nephew's behaviour. Kay, the second wife, is openly jealous and rather inclined to play into the hands of a former suitor, a smooth fellow staying at the golf hotel across the sands.

AUDREY, the first wife, is cool, perhaps enigmatic. Was it she who proposed the strange holiday foursome? Apparently not. She has refused to accept a penny of alimony as the deserted wife of a rich man. She earns her own living and she has come here for holiday because she has simply nowhere else to go. This explanation is far from satisfying Kay, who is always about to make a scene. The two women are neatly contrasted by Miss Mary Law and Miss Gwen Cherrell, the one attractive in a loose sort of way but essentially bad tempered, the other well schooled in concealing her feelings behind a façade of charming good manners. Their situation is made to puzzle, of course, Mr. Cyril Raymond, the pipe-smoking man from Malaya who has just come home on the hope of marrying Audrey on the rebound.

But it much exasperates Lady Tressilian, and she holds her nephew entirely to blame. The handsome boy has been much too successful in life, and success has spoiled him. Having lightly discarded the admirable Audrey for the less satisfactory Kay he thinks he can do what he likes with women. Mr. George Baker agreeably romanticizes this type of complacent masculinity. Just as we are beginning to take the social comedy almost seriously, aunt and nephew are heard having high words late at night, and it is found in the morning that the scandalized old lady has had her brains beaten out with a niblick.

MISS CHRISTIE rightly judges that this event will have two effects on us. We shall find the odd social situation of one wife trying to get her husband back and the other trying to keep him easier to accept; and by the very oddity of the social situation the apparently motiveless murder will gain a measure of plausibility. The stage is set for a good guessing game. On to it comes one of the Christie detectives, polite, superficially sensible, but really extremely obtuse. Neville, of course, is suspect Number One. He has been quarrelling with the old lady; the lethal niblick is his; and his fingerprints are on it, to say nothing of bloodstains on his dinner jacket. But he is a rich man who has always seemed indifferent to money. Why should he kill his aunt simply because she disapproved of his unconventional notions of a jolly holiday party? Even the detective hesitates to accept the all too clear case as a piece of cake.

What about the dead woman's self-effacing lady companion. She has been found mysteriously drugged, and we recall that, meek as she appears, she has earlier let us know that she hankers after a little money and independence. But it is her evidence that clears Neville. She saw Lady Tressilian after Neville had quarrelled with her and left the house. There are still lots of possibilities. The jealous first wife does not know (as we know) that the old lady's fortune comes not to "Neville and his wife," but to "Neville and Audrey, his first wife." Jealousy and cupidity are motives that bring in Kay and the smooth young man from the golf club; they might even let in the clever old lawyer of Mr. Frederick Leister who has all the facts of the inheritance at his finger tips; and there is always that model of taciturnity and good form, Mr. Raymond. Mr. Raymond could one day startle us all by doing something definite. The denouement, when it comes, is sufficiently surprising but handled rather clumsily.

—Anthony Cookman



Captain Cat (William Squire) dreams of his long dead seafaring comrades (above). Below, Nogood Boyo (Denys Graham) grabs Lily Smalls (Angela Crow)



Angus McBean



"Under Milk Wood" in London

THE Rev. Eli Jenkins (above) is acted by T. H. Evans in the production of Dylan Thomas's poetic drama which opens tomorrow at the New Theatre. Below, Donald Houston plays the "Onlooker"





*Mrs. R. J. Weedon and Mr. J. Hayes aboard a
Hornet in fine sailing weather*



*Miss Elizabeth Newcombe and Miss Vivienne
Hickman watch one of the races*



*Mr. A. R. James
Shies, a*

Mrs. Morgan, Mr. T. Morgan and Mr. T. W. Heeler taking their Hornet down to the water



FINAL FLOURISH OF A YACHTSMAN'S YEAR

*Miss J. Billinghamurst and Mr. R. Pitcher
in the Hornets Championships at*





*Julia Lamey in Blue
12 class boat*

URING Farnham Week, which
led a few days ago, the
ee sponsoring clubs—The
ouch Yacht Club, the Royal
inthian Yacht Club and the
ial Burnham Yacht Club—
re hive of activity. Sunny
ather and a good wind gave
excellen start to this popular
liting event which is the last
the big 1956 sailing meetings



Competitors and their yachts cluster at the foot of the slipway at the end of the day

Desmond O'Neill

*Robert Campbell and Peter Melson setting out in their Cadet to
watch the racing*

*Mr. E. Jacobs and Mrs. R. K. Melville watching from
the R.C.Y.C. club-house*





HEATHER SEARS is under contract to Romulus Films, and has obtained one of the most sought after film parts of the year, that of the lead in *Esther Costello* with Joan Crawford. Miss Sears is the daughter of a doctor who works in London



ROBERT MORLEY, superbly funny on stage and screen, plays a starring role in the John Stafford production *Loser Takes All* for British Lion. The film is adapted from Graham Greene's lighthearted novel of the same title



SHIRLEY JONES AND GORDON MACRAE provide the leading romantic interest, and effervescent singing, in the film version of the renowned *Oklahoma!*

At the Pictures

OKLAZONA PICNIC

MESSRS. RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN's musical romance, *Oklahoma!* first hit the theatre in 1943. By 1954, thirty million people, including me, had seen the stage version. Sorrowing, perhaps, for the remaining millions of the world who had been denied this happy experience—or maybe, feeling that profits ploughed back into the entertainment industry yield even greater profits—Messrs. R. and H. decided to film their fabulously successful brain-child. They have done so, in Cinemascope and Technicolor, at a cost of two and a quarter million pounds sterling. And what do you get for their money?

In the first place, you get Arizona—a sweeping green landscape, rolling away to a horizon of misty mountains, blue a woodsmoke. Oklahoma itself, it seems, has of late become a built-up area—while Arizona still makes a suitable setting for a bucolic story of 1905 as it's full of wide-open spaces; the gentlemen who go in for such pretty, pastoral pastimes as testing atom bombs and guided missiles no doubt help to keep it that way. But the Arizona sky, no matter what goes on beneath it, seems from the film to be a tranquil azure lap on which darling, fluffy white baby clouds peacefully disport themselves.

I had always imagined that "Arizona" was a corruption of "arid zone" and that the place was as dry as an old bone: it came as something of a shock to learn that the climate there closely resembles that of London during a Test Match summer.

As shooting could only take place in the dry spells, the picture took at least twice the scheduled time to make—but to Mr. Hornblow, the director, and Messrs. R. and H. this didn't matter. They found the clouds exquisitely purty (and so do I) and money was no object; they just wanted to give you the best they knew.

THEY give you the happiest opening sequence I have seen in any musical. Curly, the cowboy (Mr. Gordon MacRae), on a handsome dapple-grey, comes riding through the corn that really is as high as an elephant's eye (thanks to doses of ammonium nitrate, a programme note informs me): he is a joyful young man and he sings "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" with such infectious zest that you too feel it's good to be alive.

Can Messrs. H., R. and H. fulfil the promise of these first heart-lifting moments? Yes. They give you fresh, sweet Miss Shirley Jones as Laurey, the belle whom Curly's courting; droll Miss Charlotte Greenwood as her earthy Aunt Eller, and sinister Mr. Rod Steiger as her psychopathic hired hand. They present an unexpectedly comical Miss Gloria Grahame as Ado Annie, the girl who "cain't say no," Messrs. Gene Nelson and Eddie Albert as the men she dithers between, and Mr. James Whitmore as her stern Poppa who couldn't care less which of them marries her but will see to it, with a shotgun, that one of them does.

The dance numbers, staged by Miss Agnes de Mille, fill the wide screen with gaiety or menace, and all the delightful songs,



of which my favourite is still "Many A New Day," come over, to my mind, not merely as good as but even better than new.

I confess that at the end of the film's two hours and twenty minutes I felt somewhat exhausted—but it was the sort of agreeable exhaustion that a townswoman like me, unused to fresh air in bulk, invariably experiences after a perfectly lovely picnic. That is, in fact, what *Oklahoma!* amounts to—a perfectly lovely picnic.

THE upper-class woman reluctantly but irresistibly drawn to the masterful man from the wrong side of the tracks is a too familiar character. Every time she crops up, I just hope she'll cope with the situation like an adult—but she never does. Miss Deborah Kerr, as a rich and refined war-widow in *The Proud And Profane*, is even more irritating than most of the magnetized sisterhood. The man she falls madly in love with is Mr. William Holden, a darkly moustached, arrogant colonel of the Marines, who ceaselessly twirls a steel-tipped swagger-stick to show that although he's half Red Indian he's wholly the boss of his outfit. (There's democracy for you!)

Perhaps what really riles me is that the synthetically super-charged "romance" between these two inadequate people is played out against a background of genuine human suffering. The widow, you see, is serving with the Red Cross in the Pacific during World War Two. What can one say to a Red Cross worker who has "a revulsion from accidents," complains that meeting the wounded "does something" (unpleasant) to her, and spends most of the time analysing her own emotions and begging people to try to see things *her* way?

Miss Thelma Ritter, her immediate superior and the one lovable character in the whole squawking-match, has an answer: "Look-it," she says, with refreshing bluntness and understandable weariness, "I'm getting *near-sighted*, trying to see things your way."

—Elsbeth Grant

"TIGER IN THE SMOKE" adapted from Margery Allingham's novel, is being filmed by the Rank Organization. Above, Tony Wright as Jack Havoc, a fugitive, and Laurence Naismith as the Canon, are seen against the background of a City church



DEBORAH KERR plays a Red Cross girl who has mistaken her vocation in Paramount's film *The Proud And Profane*, reviewed here. William Holden also stars in this film of the Pacific war, and the cast includes Dewey Martin and Thelma Ritter



"WINTER AFTERNOON" by John Nash and "Little Western Flower" by Edward Wadsworth (below) are two of the illustrations in "Modern English Painters," by Sir John Rothenstein (Eyre & Spottiswoode, price £1 15s.)

MR. SNOW ANATOMIZES MATRIMONY

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

WITH *Homecomings*, C. P. Snow's new novel (Macmillan, 15s.), we have reached the sixth in the Lewis Eliot sag.

This time, we have a close-up view of our narrator-hero at maturity—the end of his first marriage, the first years of his second. The story opens in 1938, and ends fairly far on into the postwar period.

There are memorable pictures of wartime Whitehall. Readers will remember how in *The Masters* and its successor *The New Men*, Mr. Snow showed himself as portrayer of men at work, and analyst of professional relationships, with the rivalries and/or loyalties these engender. In this present book, though the stress falls on private life, we again have Lewis Eliot amongst colleagues.

Eliot is right in the centre of the picture, in fact *is* the centre of the picture. In several preceding novels in this sequence (as a whole, to be entitled *Strangers And Brothers*) he has played the part of onlooker, commentator: this time, his subject is himself. Can one scrutinize oneself as clear-sightedly as one scrutinizes somebody else? We see how our hero attempts to do so. Self-knowledge in this particular case is gained the hard way, bought by mistakes and pain. Eliot's experiences, as they mount up, throw an explanatory light upon one another. This no doubt would prove true of you and me, if we came to consider our lives objectively.

THE book works up to an immense contrast between its beginning and its end. The novel, that is to say, opening with one homecoming, closes with another! Between the two, much has taken place. I am not sure that the tensions of the unhappy first marriage are not more successfully pictured, in this novel, than the discursive anxieties of the second. Marriage, and what man and woman ask from it, is a theme throughout—the mood, the spirit in which a man approaches his home, in the dusk, at the end of his day's work, seems to pinpoint and symbolize the whole matter. Lagging step, overhanging foreboding or a glow of eager anticipation—which?

Eliot's solitudes for Sheila have, he feels, been a drain on



his nervous strength, and have even overcast his career. She has infected him with her sense of failure. The unhappy woman, playing chess by herself in the brilliantly lighted Chelsea drawing-room, had inspired, once, the great passion of Eliot's youth. Her suicide, terminating her own tragedy, leaves her husband free but with shaken nerve. With the meeting with happiness-loving Margaret, new life appears to open; but the idyllic phase of the love affair cannot last. Eliot and Margaret are headed for deeper waters. She regards him as a casualty, perhaps rightly. Their parting, her marriage to a doctor, her divorce, her return to be Eliot's wife, occupy the second half of *Homecomings*.

Each of the novels in Mr. Snow's sequence is intended to stand on its own feet, and be read separately. But to my mind, the reader who has missed others, or who does not remember them all clearly, cannot but find himself at some disadvantage—here and there significance may be lost. In *Homecomings*, one develops an almost embarrassing familiarity with Lewis Eliot without, at the same time, knowing all he knows. One must be completely enmeshed for this book to hold one, as the author does not resort to any of the more obvious devices of romance or drama. He does not aim to make his characters in themselves attractive. Lewis and Margaret Eliot caused me occasional spasms of irritation—rather as might a couple overheard talking, endlessly, in a next-door hotel room, through a thin wall. However, the story is excellently told; and the Whitehall part, with its characters such as Hector Rose, has a masculine, contemporary realism.

★ ★ ★

MONICA STIRLING has written in **Some Darling Folly**, (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) an outwardly worldly, gay and accomplished novel. Here and there one has glimpses of greater depths. The scene is Paris—Paris at her dearest. And indeed one could sometimes fancy oneself to be reading a French novel, adeptly translated. Nor is there anything bogus about this Gallic flavour: for one thing, the characters (all but one, who is fully acclimatized) are French: for another, France is Miss Stirling's second country. She gives us a triangle, of the kind which is taken, across the Channel, more as a matter of course than it yet is here. Her treatment of it, however, is not conventional.

The surprise is in the people and the psychology. Husband, wife, lover. . . . It is the third of the three who is, if anything, the loser. The husband is a distinguished lawyer; the wife, half Scottish by birth, is when the story begins somewhat vague and childish (more *protégée* than consort of busy Maître Dubois); the lover is a star actor, whose run of success with women has been uninterrupted till he meets Sophie.

Remy Malet's vanity is at once egregious and disarming: it exceeds the quota accorded to his profession. Strolling into a curio pet shop on the Left Bank to buy some sea horses for his nephew, he is fascinated by the profile of a fellow-customer. The profile is Sophie's. Blonde, bare-headed, in a black Dior coat she looks like, but is not, a White Russian. Her identity is established by Remy in the course of a chat with the people behind the counter. Through mutual friends a meeting is soon arranged.

POOR Remy has hit upon an original. Little about Sophie runs true to type with the loves he has had before. Moreover, the situation is blurred by a mist of fibs put about by Sophie's actress cousin Lisa, Remy's acquaintance of New York theatre days, who has not quite abandoned her own designs on him. Rush tactics are not a success with Sophie. And even when the affair has begun its course, she remains *dégagée* and disconcerting. Has Remy a rival? How preposterous—can it indeed be true?—that his rival should be Sophie's middle-aged husband!

The delicate stages by which Sophie, maturing under Remy's influence, first "discovers," then falls in love with Etienne Dubois, have been skilfully drawn. And *Some Darling Folly* is not confined to lovely clothes, delicious food, and the enchantments of Paris. The trial of Javotte Lessis (defended by Etienne) brings Resistance courage and Occupation grimness back to the present-day surface; not less in Sophie persist the after-effects of two tragic wartime losses. This romantic comedy has a real-life backbone.



REDDITCH HOUSE, Broadchalke, is an illustration from the extremely interesting and informative "Shell Guide to Wiltshire" by David Verey which describes the county fully (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.)



SIR FRANCIS CASSEL the celebrated pianist is also Chairman of the Cassel Hospital and a keen farmer and market gardener. Last Sunday he was due to make his twenty-first appearance at the Albert Hall



Michel Molinari

PARIS

by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

DIOR. Above is a tweed coat in brown and black, a mixture which is popular with Paris designers this season. The coat has a full back and deep, wide cuffed sleeves, which are edged in seal. A seal scarf is worn inside the collar, and the outfit is topped by an unusual swathed turban hat also made of sealskin

DESSÈS. Opposite is an extremely sleek and smart example of one of the new lines—the cape sleeve or jacket. The ensemble is in dark grey wool and consists of a pencil slim belted dress topped by a jacket that has its cape sleeves outlined by mink, in opulent contrast to the tailored plainness of the grey wool



Paris

DIOR. The suit on this page has a tailored, double-breasted jacket and slim skirt and is made in pale cream and beige check wool. It is worn with a cream velour hat with a broad brim, extremely becoming to the wearer. The suit is teamed (below) with a full length coat in Emba mutation mink





DESSÈS. Here is a grey tweed suit on classic lines that has a loose-fitted jacket and a wrap around skirt, and is worn with a fitted cloche hat and a mink cravat worn inside the collar



Paris

DIOR. A delightful outfit in dark grey mixture wool that has a loose blousetop with the new "demi-longueur" skirt. The ensemble is completed by a matching pill-box hat. Right: A black taffeta cocktail dress with a wide plunging V-neckline, crossed and held at the waist by a cummerbund, and a full skirt crossed in front. The tiny cocktail cap is in black velvet





John French

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

FOR THE SHIRES

A WONDERFUL buy is Crayson's black/white or black/green 100 per cent wool tweed suit. It has a seven-eighth length button through jacket and a slim skirt with a pleat at the back for easy walking, price £15. The brushed wool hat (right) is £1 15s. 6d., tan shoulder bag, 4 gns., cape crochet gloves, £1 12s. 6d. For London wear: the sleeveless top in pale lemon cotton (above), 4 gns., and peach bloom beret 2 gns., silk scarf 4 gns., and umbrella £3 9s. 6d., all are from Harrods





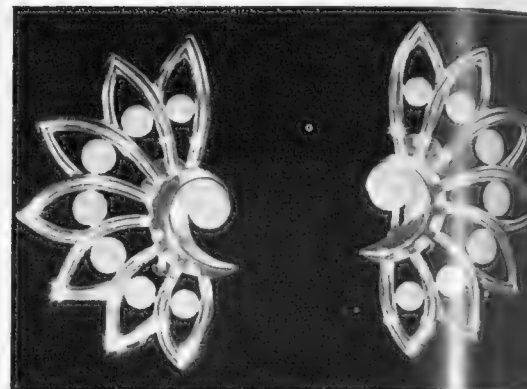
For party days

BACK from the holidays, we start to think of the "little season" and the parties it brings in its train. It is time for a critical scrutiny of personal belongings, so here are some accessories made to increase the pleasure of dressing for the evening round of fun—JEAN CLELAND



A net stole decorated with black velvet bows and ribbon velvet ends. Price £2 9s. 6d. at Harrods

These fan-shaped ear-rings are of gilt and pearls. Price £6 16s. 6d., they are in stock at Harrods



Dennis Smith

The lace embroidered handbag with chain handle costs £11 19s. 6d. and the Chantilly lace gloves £3 3s. From Debenham and Freebody



Beautiful black embroidered evening bag which costs £7 17s. 6d. It is obtainable from Debenham and Freebody



Bubble necklets from Harrods: 3-row £4 4s., matching ear-rings 15s. 9d. Blue and pink necklets £2 9s. 6d. each



A very unusual set, comprising bangle and ear-rings, in gilt and pearls. They cost altogether £31 10s. and are obtainable at Harrods



Two exquisite Orchid Pins. The large one is £12 19s. 6d. and the smaller one £5 19s. 6d. Harrods

Beauty

Jean Cleland

On the new scents

DURING the past week I have been literally "on the scent" of fresh beauty news. I say this because interest is focused on several new scents which will, if I have judged them aright, be much in demand.

Guerlain's perfumes are so popular and so widely known that a new one from that famous house is something of an excitement. The latest, named "Ode," is achieving a great success in France at the moment. It comes to England on September 21, after which date we shall be able to judge it for ourselves. "Ode" is a sophisticated perfume that, like so many others of Guerlain's, makes one feel expensive. It has a delightful bouquet of mixed flowers, and lasts well without getting stale.

Something else from Guerlain is a new lipstick, which seems to be the answer to those who like their make-up to look natural. Called "Jeune Fille," this lipstick is one with a difference because it blends very subtly with the natural colouring, and changes in a chameleon-like way suiting itself to its wearer. Guerlain recommends it as being the perfect first lipstick for the young girl—hence its name—because it never looks made up.

Back to scents. A new one with the charming name of "Mémoire Chérie" comes from Elizabeth Arden. I have just sprayed on a little of this, and have no doubt that it will be a worthy rival to "Blue Grass" which has always been one of my favourites. "Mémoire Chérie" is little more pungent and more spicy, and will appeal to those who like warm, provocative type of perfume. Together with this new scent Elizabeth Arden has brought out a new leakproof purse atomizer from France. This is extremely attractive and most efficient. It is simple to use and to refill, and can be bought ready filled with "Mémoire Chérie," "Blue Grass," "On Dit," or "My Love" scents.

I HEAR from Harriet Hubbard Ayer that the latest addition to the range of beauty preparations is a toilet water with a subtle blending of flower essences. If you want something beautifully refreshing for use at the end of a tiring day, before going out in the evening, I should advise you to try this.

Dorothy Gray's toilet water range has long been well to the fore, and a great many people will be pleased to know that it can now be had in miniature size for the handbag. The new size is a 1-oz. bottle, and it is available in the full range—"Midnight," "Wedgwood," "White Lilac" and "Love Song."

I hear good accounts of a new depilatory cream called "Trice." It is clean, fresh and odourless, which makes it very pleasant to use. It provides a quick and easy way of dealing with superfluous hair, especially that on the legs. It has been brought out by the Dae Health Laboratories, who say that, in addition to leaving the skin soft and smooth, it actually retards the growth.

I welcome a new hair preparation which has been created to counteract "after-holiday" dryness. So many people find that their hair seems extra dry at this time of year, and wonder why this should be. There are several reasons, all of which are quite simple.

HOT sun and salt water both dry out the natural oils from the scalp. Sea bathing and getting the hair wet means more frequent shampoos than usual, thus speeding the extra drying processes. At just the right moment, and in time for getting the hair in good condition for autumn parties, L'Oreal of Paris have brought out this new conditioner called "Trill." This is intended to put back sebum, which is nature's natural lubricant, and so restore the hair to soft silkiness.

"Trill" can be used in two ways. You can brush it into the hair between shampoos, or use it as a special conditioning treatment immediately after a shampoo. Massage a little "Trill" well into the scalp while the hair is damp, besides rubbing the ends with it. When this has been done, put a towel round the head for a few minutes, to allow the "Trill" to penetrate, and then rinse in hot water.

Hair stylist Steiner reminded me about cleansing the scalp, and removing greasiness between shampoos. After making partings, give it a gentle rub with cotton wool moistened with eau-de-Cologne. Steiner has a Cologne ideally suited to the purpose, which he calls "Mellowed Leather." Apart from the drying effect which the spirit has on any excess oiliness, the fragrance which is left on the hair is wonderfully refreshing. If, while it is still damp, it is pinned into curls, and the waves pressed back into place, a quick and easy re-set can be accomplished at home.



THIS TOILET WATER is Dorothy Gray's refreshing "Midnight." The full range—"Wedgwood," "White Lilac," "Love Song"—is available in miniature 1-oz. size for slipping into the handbag



A NEW ATOMIZER from France is leak proof. Carried in the purse it can be filled with any of her perfumes. The price is £3 3s. Elizabeth Arden



It's more than skin care...



... it's the way you feel

It begins as you deep-cleanse with Dry Skin Cleansing Cream (Liquefying Cleansing Cream, if your skin is greasy). Then luxuriously you smooth in Vitamin Night Cream. Easy to see from the pampered look of your skin next day how much good it does. And how delicious to freshen up at times with Yardley Cleansing Milk! It makes you feel cool, clean, and gives your make-up a fresh start. Cleansing Cream 8/10 and 5/7. Cleansing Milk 10/3 and 6/3. Night Cream 9/3 and 6/3.



YARDLEY Vitamin Night Cream

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pearl Freeman

Miss Marjorie Macaulay Ogg, daughter of Sir William and Lady Ogg, of Rothamsted, Harpenden, Herts, and Edzell, Forfarshire, is engaged to Dr. Richard H. E. Grant, son of the late Mr. E. G. Grant, British N. Borneo, and Mrs. Grant, Montagu Mansions, W.1



Miss Sarah M. (Sally) Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Page, of Westoe, South Shields, is to marry Mr. Thomas R. F. Fenwick, of Wolsingham, Co. Durham, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. F. Fenwick, of Belford, Northumberland



Miss Sara Strickland Goodall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Strickland Goodall, of Laven Cottage, Tisbury, Wiltshire, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Anthony John Northey, Royal Artillery, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Northey, of Wellington Parade, Walmer, Kent



Yevonde

Miss Mary Waring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Waring, of Down End, Fareham, Hants, is engaged to Mr. Geoffrey J. H. Carroll, son of the late Lt.-Cdr. G. N. Carroll, R.N., and Mrs. Raymond Sullivan, Middle Wallop, Hants



Miss Elizabeth R. Waldron Smithers, daughter of Professor and Mrs. D. Waldron Smithers, of Knockholt, Kent, is to marry Capt. Bryan C. Webster, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late Capt. H. J. Webster, and of Mrs. Webster, Cecil Park, Pinner, Middx



Miss Anne Verdon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Verdon, of Littlefields, Sidbury, Devon, is engaged to Mr. Antony A. Acland, younger son of Brig. P. D. E. Acland, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Acland, of Feniton Court, Honiton, Devon



ETERNA·MATIC

The first selfwinding watch
... and the
smallest selfwinding watch
ON A BALLBEARING

ETERNA·MATIC—the aristocrat of automatic watches—combines elegance and classic simplicity with superb quality and technical superiority. It owes its enduring precision to a unique system of automatic winding on a ballbearing that makes ETERNA·MATIC the most modern watch in the world. The slightest movement of the wrist is sufficient to wind the mechanism and to maintain a 35 to 40 hour reserve of power, thereby assuring second-by-second accuracy.

All ETERNA·MATIC watches have high-grade shock-absorbing, anti-magnetic movements with 21 or 17 jewels, centre seconds-hands and unbreakable mainsprings.

IT IS WISE TO AFFORD THE BEST

The two models illustrated are

LADY'S 01BRC-1401		MAN'S 07VDT-1414	
18-ct. gold	£66.7.6	18-ct. gold, waterproof	£95.5.0
Heavy rolled gold through-out	£34.10.0	Heavy rolled gold front, stainless steel back, waterproof	£36.0.0
Stainless steel	£32.10.0	Stainless steel, waterproof	£29.5.0

Available at high-class jewellers



ETERNA
Centenary
1856-1956

The latest models will be exhibited on the
ETERNA Stand No. 46 at the
2nd INTERNATIONAL WATCH AND
JEWELLERY TRADE FAIR
ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON

Open to the public on
Saturday, September 22, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Tuesday, September 25, 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.

For the name of your nearest ETERNA·MATIC retailer and
for a copy of the current Eterna catalogue, please apply to:

Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only):
ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS (Eterna Dept.). 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1



MEMBERS OF THE LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP



This beautiful short dinner dress by Elizabeth Henry
is available from leading fashion houses.

The Lace is by

WITCHCRAFT

of Nottingham



For name of your nearest stockist, please write to :
Elizabeth Henry Ltd., 24-30 Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.



Champion—Outram. Mr. Richard Coverley Champion, only son of Lt.-Col. C. C. Champion, D.S.O., and Mrs. Champion, of North Curry, Taunton, Somerset, was married to Miss Margaret Evelyn Outram, only daughter of the late Mr. J. I. Outram and of Mrs. E. M. Outram, of Hillans, Swanage, Dorset, at St. Mary's, Swanage

THEY WERE MARRIED



Burnan—Smith. The wedding took place at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, between Lt. Gerald Burnan, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Burnan, of Barndene, Hawksworth Lane, Guiseley, Yorkshire, and Miss Sheena Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, of Rosebank, East Calder, West Midlothian, Scotland



Gibbs—Thatcher. Mr. Beresford Norman Gibbs, only son of the late Canon Jack Gibbs, M.C., and of Mrs. Gibbs, of Didmorton House, Badminton, Gloucestershire, married Miss Mary Jane Thatcher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Thatcher, of Over Worton, Middle Barton, Oxfordshire, at Holy Trinity, Over Worton



Chamberlain—Gunary. Mr. Frank Edwick Chamberlain, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Chamberlain, of Heath Farmhouse, Watford, Herts, married Miss Georgina Gunary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Gunary, of White Post, North Ockendon, Essex, at St. Mary Magdalene, N. Ockendon



Verity—Clasper. The marriage took place recently, at Solihull Parish Church, between Mr. Stuart Hamilton Verity, only son of the late Mr. Claude Hamilton Verity and Mrs. Riva Mary Hamilton Verity, and Miss Pauline Mary Clasper, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clasper, of Broad Oaks Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

The
TATLER
and
yesterday,
SEPT. 19,
1956
562



Turner—Broster. The marriage took place recently at St. Mary the Boltons, Kensington, of Mr. J. R. C. Turner, R.N., son of Mr. A. Cyrus Turner of Avenue Road, London, N.W.8, and Mrs. Turner, of Bargrove, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall, and Miss Jennifer Broster, daughter of the late Mr. T. Broster and of Mrs. Hutchinson, of Ashburn Place, Kensington, London, S.W.

Gray—Alexander. The marriage took place early this month at Glasgow Cathedral between Mr. W. Crawford Gray, of Dalnialton House, Monkton, Ayrshire, Scotland, and Miss Kathryn Alexander, who is the daughter of Mr. Walter Alexander, Jun., of Cleveleys, Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland





An actual photograph

personality plus

Elegance plus individuality, fine cut plus craftsmanship, good cloth plus distinction—that's what goes into the make-up of Drescott clothes. And the man who wears Drescott has personality plus. You will find Drescott clothes in good quality shops all over the country. If you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer, drop us a line, and we will gladly send you his address.



An Announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester

CVS—370

"BOOTH'S GIN *and* TONIC"



For all gin drinks
ask for
BOOTH'S
There is only **ONE BEST**

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



GIN DISTILLERS
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

Motoring

PERPETUAL MOTION

An everlasting motor car would be a somewhat depressing thing to contemplate. Yet some of the vehicles used in the American armed forces are, in effect, everlasting. Upon a careful determination of the life of every component and accessory in the vehicle, a schedule of running replacements is compiled with a list of servicing and maintenance dates.

At intervals well within the life of every part, that component is replaced by a new one. This system is applied to the whole car including the instruments, the upholstery and the coachwork. The spread of these renewals means that the vehicle is rarely immobilized for any length of time, while the driver has at his disposal a car that is always as trustworthy as one just newly run in.

I gather that the scheme is not so expensive. Certainly it must be admitted that the present custom is extraordinarily haphazard. Most people run their cars until something fails; only then do they have it repaired or replaced. That is obviously an irrational procedure because, after a certain period, some parts must always be approaching the end of their normal life. In consequence the reliability of the car must be low. Since it has been found possible to determine the life of mechanical parts with a high degree of accuracy, it becomes feasible for any motor car manufacturer to offer the world's first everlasting motor car! With it would go a programme of service which might be paid for at a fixed annual rate.

Bus drivers are frequently commended for the excellence of their road behaviour. I would like to point out that it is easier to drive safely and with expedition over a known route. A regular driver will find how to position his vehicle advantageously at the intersections. He will learn to know where dogs rush out into the road, children play and motor cycling lunatics abound.

Furthermore most bus drivers are in command of large red painted vehicles. The combination of that colour and that size is, in itself, a discouragement to the enthusiasms of other drivers. If the bus driver puts out his hand, following drivers take note. If the private car driver puts out his hand, the response from following drivers is often a blast on the horn and a rapid overtaking movement.

When the private motorist tries to move out from the side of the road into traffic, he may wait for several minutes for oncoming drivers to give way for him. They stream past, ignoring the request implied by hand or mechanical signal. And they do have right of way. The bus driver, because of his schedule, cannot allow other drivers to enjoy the advantage of their right of way. He must push out into the stream from every stopping place. So the hand coming out is followed at once by the bus imposing its vast red mass upon the traffic.

IMPHASIZE the colour of the bus because colour has a bearing on the way a vehicle is treated by other drivers. Too little attention is paid to the fact that a white car is, basically, safer than a black car. It is picked up more easily in poor visibility, stands out from a hazy background, and shows up farther away than a drab vehicle. Heaven forbid that I should encourage all motor car owners to go about in white cars. Variety in colour schemes is pleasing. But the effects of colour schemes on road safety should not be entirely neglected.

My experience with tubeless tyres now extends to 60,000 miles and two sets. One puncture occurred when a long nail went through the offside front tyre. I ran the tyre with the nail in for four days and although the tyre lost pressure and had to be topped up daily, the rate of loss was sufficiently low to minimize the puncture effects.

The repair was then done in the ingenious manner invented for these tyres. A rubber plug, treated with solution, is inserted into the hole by means of a special tool. The tool is withdrawn and the plug becomes part of the tyre. It is a rapid and—my experience suggests—a satisfactory process.

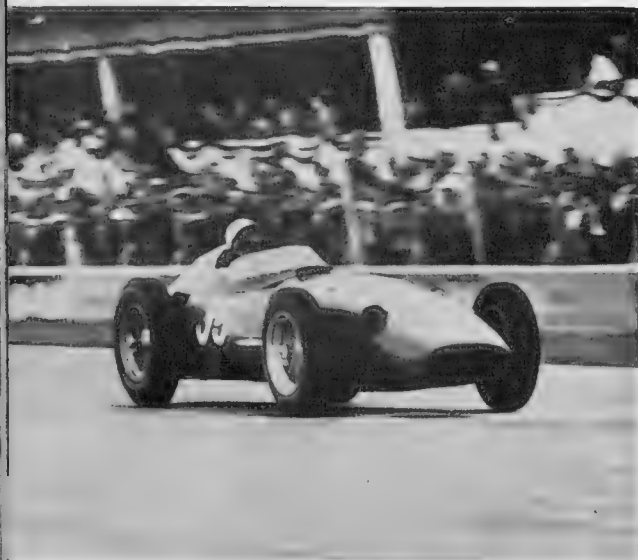
—*Oliver Stewart*



MISS PAT SMYTHE, reigning "Sportswoman of the Year" and leading woman show jumper, was appropriately the first person to take delivery of the new Standard Vanguard Sportsman, and is with it here



A "PRESTWICK PIONEER" aircraft, as used by the R.A.F., is loaded aboard a U.S.A.F. Globemaster which flew it to Fort Rucker, Alabama, where the Pioneer will undergo evaluation trials for the U.S. Army



STIRLING MOSS, driving a Maserati, is seen crossing the finishing line in the European Grand Prix at Monza, Italy, which he won from Fangio in a Ferrari (second) and Flockhart in a Connaught, who was third





The Gramophone

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

VARIETY made its return to London's West End at the Prince of Wales Theatre on September 10, and for its first "top" attraction the management offered singer Mel Tormé.

It is more than seven years ago since I commended his records of "Please Do It Again," and "Makin' Whoopee." At that time he was accompanied by Sonny Burke and his Orchestra, and his smooth, almost lazy style had more than a certain delightful sophistication about it; a style that, for me at any rate, spelt success.

It has taken rather a long time for the public on this side of the Atlantic to "discover" Mr. Tormé. Although his contribution to the world of wax since 1948 has been small, it has always been worth while. Doubtless most will have now heard his revival of "Mountain Greenery" which he couples with "Jeepers Creepers" (Coral Q.72150) and which he includes with a number of other "oldies" in "Mel Tormé At The Crescendo." (Coral VA 9004.) Now with the Marty Paich "Dek-tette" Mel Tormé presents "Lulu's Back In Town," and a very slick interpretation of "The Lady Is A Tramp." (London HLN 8305.) Here at any rate is a singer from the U.S.A. who warrants attention not only because he knows what he is doing and why he is doing it!

The same cannot be said for one Elvis Presley, in spite of the fact that he is enjoying something of a vogue in certain quarters. There is absolutely nothing to suggest by his renditions of "My Baby Left Me," or "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You," that this teenagers' "screaming end" can outlast his skin-tight white denims with any kind of certainty! (H.M.V. POP 285.)

IN 1948 a young American landed in France determined to establish himself as a night club entertainer. At the time he couldn't even speak French, which made the whole business very tricky, but by struggling against terrific odds Eddie Constantine achieved all and more than he set out to do. Today he is one of the most popular personalities on stage and screen in France, as indeed he is in many of the surrounding European countries; his record sales have reached the million mark.

To beguile you and his ever increasing number of admirers he sings four songs: "Ah! Les Femmes," "Les Amoureux du Havre," "Le Diable Noir," and "Ca Bardait!" Here is personality, intelligence and a first-rate voice. (Felsted ESD 3017.)

It is surprising how long it takes for some of the most successful and tried artists and material to reach us as recordings. I am amazed that there has been such an extended wait for the first gramophone record from The Goons. At the moment you may hear six and a half minutes in all of these magnificent entertainers. Side one offers "Bluebottle Blues," side two "I'm Walking Backwards For Christmas."

In defence of this long delay one hears whispers that "The Goons" are not everyone's dish, a lame kind of argument when their first waxen effort hit the jackpot in one! For myself I would like to see at least one Long Play "Goon" record available before the end of the year. By putting this out those in responsible places would atone, to an extent, for the far too prevalent attitude of mind that the only way to keep records revolving is to cater for the near-moronic. (Decca F. 10756.)

—Robert Tredinnick

AIR FORCE MEN!

This is your book

War in the Air

By GERALD BOWMAN

(Author of 'JUMP FOR IT')

A complete survey of military air power, based on the popular television feature of the same name.

Fully Illustrated. 16/- From all Booksellers

Published by **EVANS**

6 Good Reasons for choosing SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY

1 Because South African Sherry is very good sherry: *real* sherry, most carefully matured, expertly selected—genuine in every way.

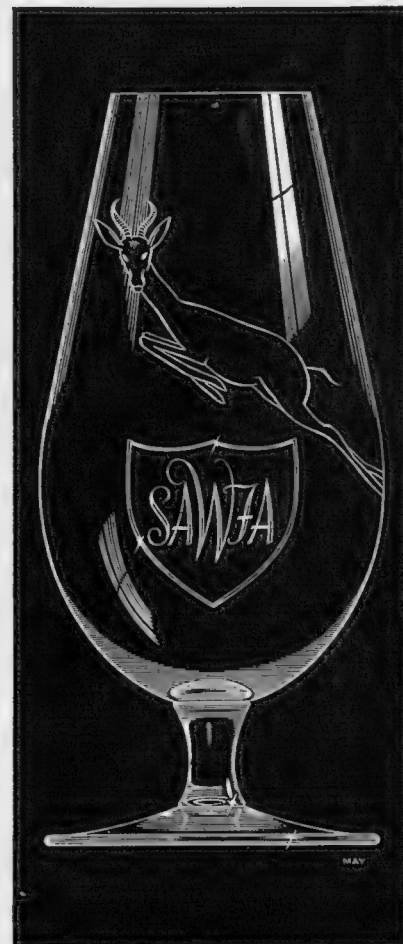
2 Because South African Sherry costs you less: as it benefits by a preferential import duty.

3 Because you can count on a South African Sherry to suit your personal taste—from light and very dry to full, rich and sweet.

4 Because there is a guarantee of quality in South Africa's 300 years of wine-growing experience: Cape vintners have taken the best of the European methods of wine making.

5 Because the climate of the Cape is especially favourable to wine growing and the soil produces grapes of splendid quality.

6 Because once you've chosen South African Sherry you'll choose it again.



SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY

DINING IN

Pineapple sweets

EVERY now and then, I find a dish which is entirely new to me. It is always a great pleasure, because there are so few of them. Recently, on a visit to Denmark, I found a new sweet—the creation of the chef of the Old Inn, Odense (the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen), and I was given the recipe on promising that I would acknowledge its source. Because it is a rich sweet, it should be preceded by simple food. Grilled steak or fish and a very plainly dressed salad would be my choice.

The biscuit part is made, as a rule, the day before it is required. In a small pan, whip together 2 oz. each of butter, sugar and finely chopped almonds and 2 tablespoons of double cream. Stand them over a low heat and stir all the time until the sugar and butter have melted. Divide the mixture between two well-greased sandwich tins, 6 inches across, and spread it evenly. Bake for 15 minutes at 350 degs. Fahr. or gas mark 3 to 4, when the layers should be a warm gold tone and the surface pebbled all over. Leave for a few minutes. Gently clear the "biscuits" from the edges with a sharp-pointed knife; then, with a pliable knife, ease them from their tins and slide them, pebbled surface uppermost, on to a wire rack. When they are cold, store them, with waxed paper between, in a tin.

THE filling comes next. Drain the juice from a tin of pineapple rings. Measure a little less than half a pint of it and, on top, sprinkle quarter of an ounce best quality powdered gelatine. When this has softened, heat gently to dissolve it, but do not boil. Turn into a bowl and leave to become cold, but not to setting point. Add a half pint of double cream and a good dessertspoon of vanilla sugar (or sugar with a drop or so of vanilla essence), and whip until the mixture holds a peak. Spread half on one layer of biscuit, cover with wedges of pineapple and place the other layer on top. With the remaining cream mixture, pipe a border and decorate the sides of the sweet. Scatter 1 to 2 oz. of chips of plain dessert chocolate here and there on the cream.

PINEAPPLE Upside-down Pudding is a much simpler sweet. Well cream together 1 to 1½ oz. butter and 2 oz. soft brown sugar. Line the inside of a baking tin or glass dish, measuring 8 inches each way, with the mixture, or choose a deepish oval pudding dish. Drain a large tin of pineapple rings and put the rings on the bottom and sides of the dish, cutting them in halves if necessary.

To fill the dish, make the following batter. Cream together 3 oz. each of butter and caster sugar. Beat in 2 eggs, one at a time. Sift 4 oz. self-raising flour and a pinch of salt. Add them and 1 to 2 tablespoons of warm water and half a teaspoon of vanilla essence, a little at a time. Turn into the prepared dish and bake for 30 to 35 minutes (in a shallow tin) or 40 to 45 minutes (in a deeper one), at 375 degs. Fahr. or gas mark 5.

Turn the pudding on to a serving dish and serve with a sauce made this way. Bring to the boil the pineapple juice, the juice of an orange and enough water to make half a pint. Stir in a level teaspoon of arrowroot, blended in a tablespoon of water. The sauce will clear at once. Remove and add a few drops of vanilla essence.

—Helen Burke



D. Hilary Style
A PERIOD SOIREE held in Dr. Johnson's house, Gough Square, inaugurated the Kensington Antiques Fair. Mr. J. Smith impersonated the doctor, Mrs. P. Rowell went as Mrs. Thrall and Ali Allen took the part of Johnson's Negro servant, Frank Barber

DINING OUT

Iron Curtain wines

OLYMPIA's Food Fair enabled me to taste some of the Iron Curtain wines; Prokupac—an excellent Serbian wine from Yugoslavia; Odobesti, a full-bodied, dark yellow, dry wine from Rumania, and Babesca, a ruby wine, soft, with a very individual flavour from the same country; Tokaji Aszu, bringing back memories of Imperial Tokay, a rich wine from Hungary, made from over-ripe and slightly rotting grapes, also a dry Tokaji Szamorodni, which can be used as an ordinary table wine, not forgetting Egri Bikaver (Bull's Blood).

I met some old friends on the wine section of the Australian stand: drank some Vizovice Slivovice (a plum brandy) with the Czechoslovaks; vodka with the Poles at the moment when one of their stands blew up, and finished up with a "Presbyterian" on the very impressive U.S.A. exhibit. A Presbyterian consists of an immense slug of Bourbon whisky with dry ginger and soda "over the rocks." The drink was served with a piece of Cheddar cheese in a transparent wrapper called "Miss Wisconsin" which was described as "sharp and aged," but nevertheless it was quite edible and appears to have been made by the "folks up in the Wisconsin Dairy Country."

I then flew to Scotland for the opening of the official service station of Caledonian Cars Ltd. at Renfrew Airport.

VICTOR BRIDGEN and his co-directors have the right idea of how to treat their guests. We were regaled with Tay salmon, home bred turkeys, chickens and ducks, Scotch beef and York ham, as well as any sort of drink you could desire including champagne. This was Fleurigny Frères, shipped by David Sandeman of Glasgow, wine merchants in Scotland since 1821. One of their directors, Mr. Donald Adamson, was among the company. He is a lively Scot, born in Canada, aged thirty and matured "in the wood" like some fine Scotch he gave me, Glen Grant 1936, malt whisky blended with Old Grains bottled in 1951.

From Scotch in Scotland to "Port Negus" at Dr. Johnson's house in Fleet Street where a party was held to give a flying start to the Kensington Antiques Fair. This was a noble effort as ninety-nine per cent of the guests turned up in the costume of the period. Here we consumed samphire, an edible seaweed which is sold by the measure in quart pots and was a delicacy in Elizabethan times. With this we drank "Lamb's Wool" which is ale mixed with the pulp of roasted apples. And, in keeping with the occasion, the ale was brewed by Barclay Perkins at whose premises in Southwark Dr. Johnson spent a great deal of his time.

There was also "Port Negus" made from a bottle of Triple Crown Port, half a pint of water, cinnamon, cloves, lemon rind, ginger and lump sugar. It is served hot with a glass of brandy thrown in.

—I. Bickerstaff



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-



TIPTREE

GREEN GAGE

conserve

Top of the Tree for FLAVOUR



Every luscious spoonful is a delight. The fruit is kept whole, and only a few stones are left in to give a characteristic flavour. The greengages are grown on our own farms, and gathered at the peak of ripeness. Ripe fruit, pure white sugar, plus infinite skill in jam-making. That is why Tiptree Jams are so good. In 1 lb. jars

By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
Jam & Marmalade Manufacturers



WILKIN & SONS LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX
Name of nearest stockist on request to Dept. 3.

LUNCH AND DINE

at the

Colony

RESTAURANT

London's distinguished Rendezvous in
BERKELEY SQUARE

LUNCH : DINNER : SUPPER
DANCING 8.30 p.m. TO 2 a.m.
FELIX KING and his MUSIC.
DON CARLOS and his
LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHM

★
CABARET
HUTCH until October 20

★
Under the direction of J. Della

For table reservations
please telephone
MAYFAIR 1617

Vicomte d'Orthez

Reims

GRAND VIN DE CHAMPAGNE

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS
OR CHAMPAGNE D'ORTHEZ (London) Ltd., 7/8 NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS · CEREBOS LTD

Cerebos

Salt for dainty tables

Visiting LONDON ?

600 APARTMENTS each with private bathroom, kitchen, telephone, Garage, Swimming Pool, Snack-Bar, Club Bar, Lounge, Valet and Maid Service.
ONE room, TWO rooms or SUITES.
Write for fully illustrated brochure or phone AMBassador 7733.

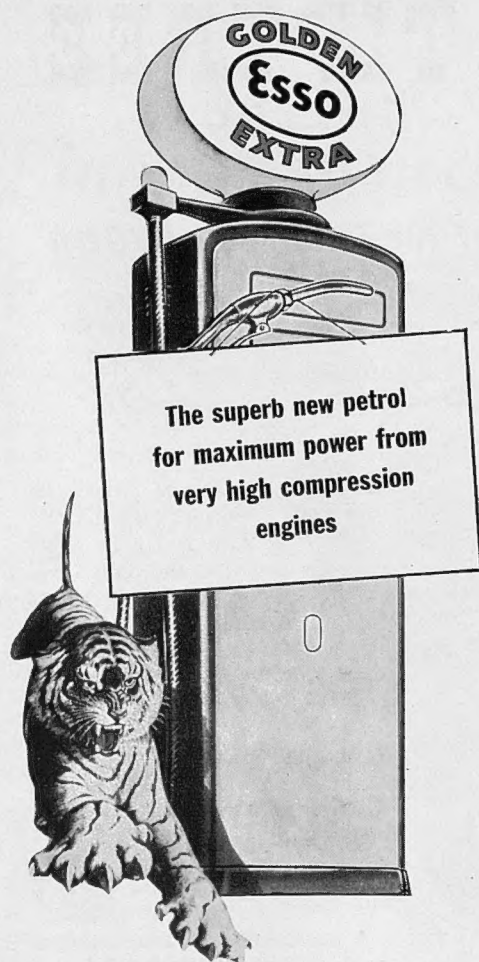
Park West

MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

KYNOCH

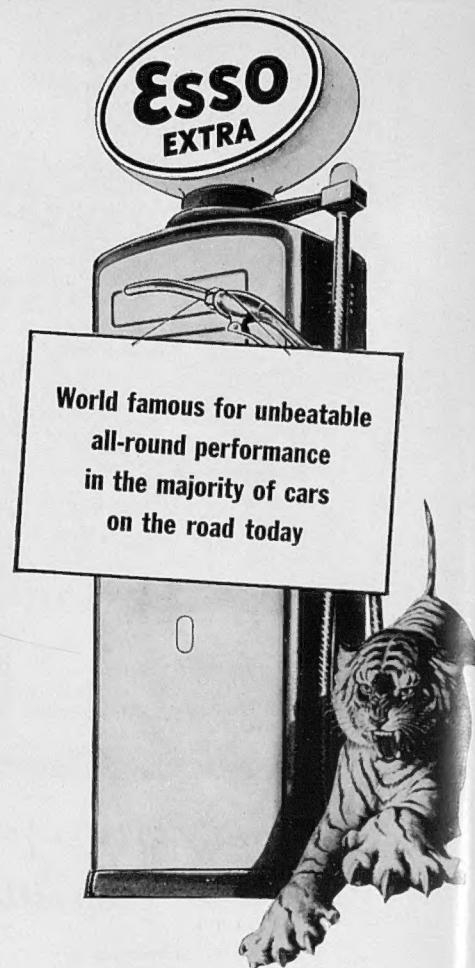
of KEITH SCOTLAND

TWEEDS SCARVES

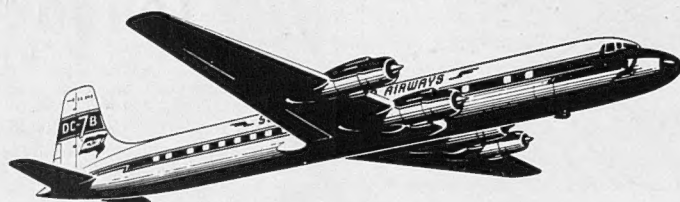


The finest petrol in the World

Both with N.S.O. for longer valve life



FLY DC-7B



TO SOUTH AFRICA

- ★ Fastest Propeller Driven Airliner
- ★ Fully Reclining Sleep-Easy Chairs
- ★ Sleeper Berths Available
- ★ Radar Weather-Mapping Equipment ensures smooth flying

Three flights by DC-7B plus one by Constellation each week.



THE 'SPRINGBOK' SERVICE OF SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(in association with B.O.A.C.)

Consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C. or South African Airways.

SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone Whitehall 4488.



Your washing up would be but half done if cups and glasses were only washed from the outside. Inside cleansing is essential—where residue wastes are lodged.

from **PAIN** caused by RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS, GOUT, ETC.

When we know that irritants within the system can be the cause of severe aches and pains, it follows that external localised treatment can only bring temporary relief. Pain around joints, backache, aching muscles and associated painful conditions demand treatment from within. DIUROMIL solves the problem of promoting prolonged relief from pain by a compound of analgesic, diuretic and antiseptic salts. These cleanse and purify the system. Impurities which can be the cause of your pain are dissolved, resulting in better health, comfort and prolonged relief from pain.

Diuromil

Relieves Rheumatic PAIN quickly

PHARMAX LTD., Western House, Gravel Hill, Bexleyheath, Kent



The Best Gift of all for Britons Overseas!

Now—at this very minute—in faraway places all over the world—The TATLER is gladdening the hearts of many a wishful family, with its news and pictures of people and places, of events in London and the Counties. To keep friends and relatives “in the know” there is nothing quite like The TATLER . . . and it's so easy to give! A note to the Publisher—the name and address of your friend—and he will do the rest.

Subscription rates for 12 months: Overseas £5 18s. 6d. (Canada £5 14s. 0d.)
Just write to: The Publisher. The TATLER, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Can 5d make a dream come true?



THE "THREE CASTLES"

LILLET
THE DRY APERITIF THAT
IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

★

One of the differences being
that many of our English
friends enjoy LILLET as the
ideal long drink.
(Approximately two-thirds
Lillet with one-third gin. Add
a lump of ice and a slice of
lemon. Top up with soda
water.)

Have a gimlet.
Thanks very much . . .
a whatlet?
A gimlet.
SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.
Sounds promising.
Is it a gimlet if
the gin isn't SEAGERS?
I daresay, legally, but—
Ah! I know. You're
going to tell me SEAGERS
is some special kind of gin.
Let's put it more cautiously
and say that gin is merely
a kind of SEAGERS.

*Seager Evans & Co. Limited
The Distillery, London SE8*

For my kind of motoring
I ALWAYS CHOOSE
DUNLOP...



Think of tyres and you think of Dunlop.

Not just one type of tyre, of course,
but a range in which you will find one
designed to suit your particular
need, built to give maximum mileage
and complete dependability. On a cost-per-mile
basis there is no better value than Dunlop!

HIS CHOICE IS — the Dunlop 'Weathermaster', a tyre
for safe all-the-year-round driving. Built *for the motorist who must get
through* whatever the weather, the traction and stability of this
specially designed tread sees the car steadily through mud,
snow, slush and over wet, greasy surfaces, yet still gives good
hard wear over hard dry roads.



DUNLOP

makes a tyre for every motoring need!

